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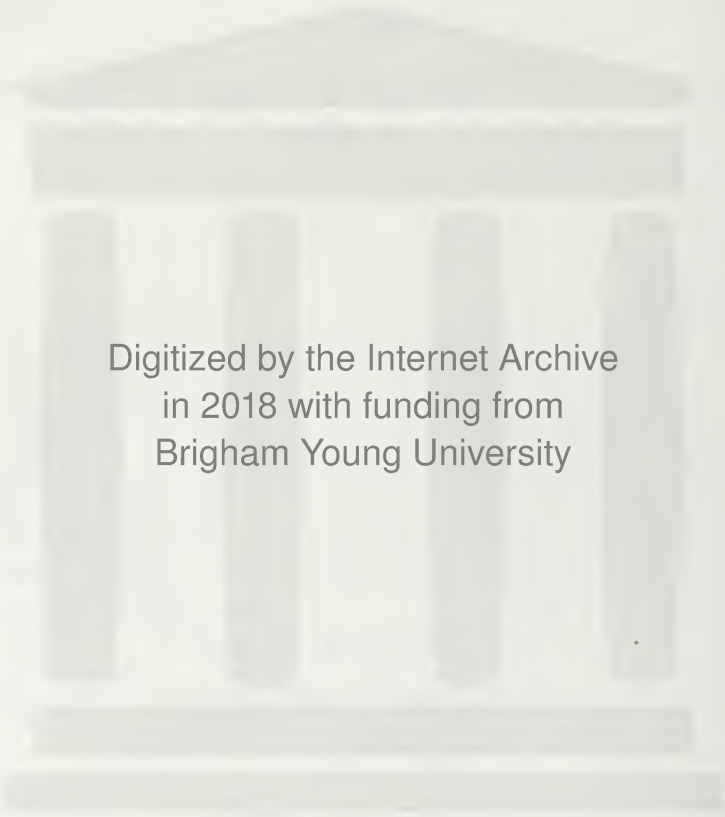
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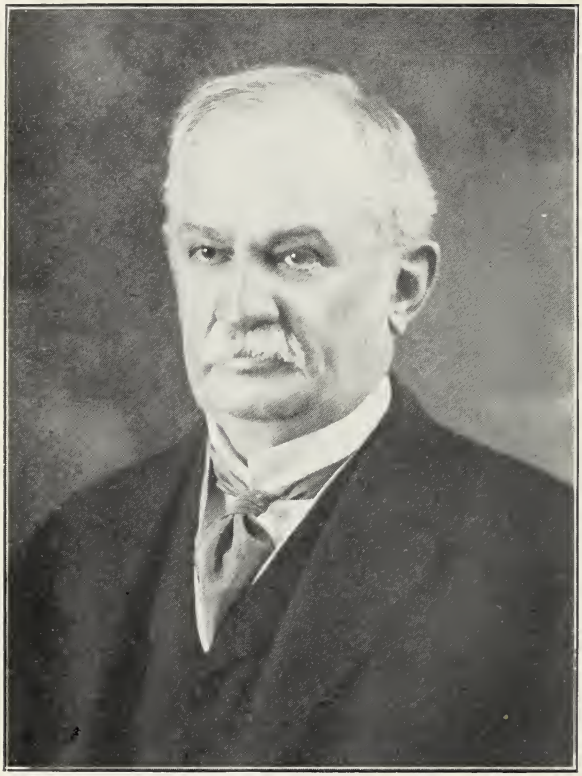

T. K. Skinker

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTIONS.*

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THE REMOVAL OF THE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF MISSOURI, IN 1865.

BY THOMAS K. SKINKER.

Read at a Meeting of the Missouri Historical Society, February 20, 1914.

At the close of our civil war occurred a remarkable episode in judicial history — the original Recall of the Judges—a recall effected not by the ballot, but by the bayonet. How and why it happened, with some sidelights on the picture, it is my object to explain tonight.

For some persons in the audience some explanation of terms may be necessary. Thus, when I speak of The Republican and The Democrat, you will understand that I refer to newspapers now known as the Republic and the Globe-Democrat. These latter are names which have been taken on in later years.

In those days, too, political party names were different. Whigs and Know-Nothings had died out. Progressives, Bull-Moosers, Green-Backers, Populists, Gold-Bugs, etc., had, of course, never been heard of. Democrat and Republican were little used. To the dominant element in Missouri all Democrats were rebels, and they were commonly called by that name, or something worse. The other party was at first called the Union, or Unconditional Union party; but that soon split into wings, or branches, the Conservatives and the Radicals. These were commonly called, respectively, the Claybanks and the Charcoals. The Repub-

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licans had long been called by their political adversaries, "Black Republicans." This was easily converted into "Charcoals"; and these latter gave their conservative fellow-unionists the name of "Claybanks," as denoting a colorless sort of politics, which did not much distinguish them from out-and-out Rebels; or else Copperheads, after the deadly snake of that name, which strikes without warning. It was meant to be a synonym of hidden danger and secret hostility to the Union cause.

The event of which I speak occurred on the 14th day of June, 1865. The judges removed were Dryden and Bay, of the supreme court of Missouri.

In the only work thus far written which claims to be a comprehensive history of Missouri, little is made of this event. The author (Mr. Wm. F. Switzler) says that the attempt to enforce the ordinance for the removal of the judges, commonly called the "Ousting Ordinance," was attended with difficulty and unpleasant collisions; that David Wagner and Walter L. Lovelace were appointed Judges in place of Wm. V. N. Bay and John D. S. Dryden; that the latter gentlemen believed there was no legal validity in the ordinance removing them, and declined to vacate their places; that Gov. Fletcher issued an order to expel them from the bench, and they were taken from their seats by the police of the City of St. Louis, and were escorted as prisoners to the office of Recorder Wolff. Mr. Switzler was a member of the convention which promulgated this ordinance, and voted for it. Whether, when he came to write his history, he regarded it as an event of slight importance, or whether he had come to regret it as a crime against the Judiciary not to be dwelt upon, I do not know; this is all he says about it.

At the outbreak of the war the people of Missouri were devided in sentiment, how much devided it is hard to say. In the proceedings of the convention which ordained the removal of the judges, we find it stated

in one resolution that almost, if not quite, one-half of the people were disloyal, in another, that a large majority were loyal. These resolutions were adopted not many days apart, but with different objects in view. One was an effort to induce the President to reduce the quota of troops to be furnished by Missouri to the Union army. For this purpose it was material to show that the available population of the State was smaller than it seemed to be, because one-half of the people were disloyal, and the men of that half had either gone into the Confederate army, or else could not be trusted to fight against the South. The other resolution was a denunciation of Gov. Jackson and his associates for attempting to lead Missouri into the Southern camp when a large majority of the people were loyal. Of course this was a convenient variation of estimate, suited to the occasion. What was the fact, no one could tell with certainty.

In answer to a delegation from Missouri, which once presented a petition to President Lincoln, he described the conditions prevailing here among Union men in this language:

"We are in civil war. In such cases there is always a main question; but in this case that question is a perplexing compound—Union and Slavery. It thus becomes a question not of two sides merely, but of at least four sides, even among those who are for the Union, saying nothing of those who are against it. Thus, those who are for the Union *with,* but not *without* slavery, those for it *without,* but not *with,* those for it *with,* or *without,* but prefer it *with,* and those for it *with* or *without,* but prefer it *without.* Among these again is a sub-division of those who are for *gradual,* but not for *immediate,* and those who are for *immediate,* but not for *gradual* extinction of slavery. It is easy to conceive that all of these shades of opinion, and even more, may be sincerely entertained by honest and truthful men. Yet, all being for the Union, by reason of these differences each will prefer a different way of sustaining the Union. At once, sincerity is questioned and motives assailed.

Actual war coming, blood grows hot and blood is spilled. Thought is forced from old channels into confusion. Deception breeds and thrives. Confidence dies and universal suspicion reigns. Each man feels an impulse to kill his neighbor, lest he be killed by him. Revenge and retaliation follow. And all this, as before said, may be among honest men only. But this is not all. Every foul bird comes abroad, and every dirty reptile rises up. These add crime to confusion. Strong measures, deemed indispensable, but harsh at best, such men make worse by mal-administration. Murders for old grudges and murders for pelf, proceed under any cloak that will best cover for the occasion."

This was Mr. Lincoln's diagnosis, made when the war had been under way some three years.

In the winter of 1861, a state convention had been assembled to consider the relations of Missouri with the Union. As it happened, nearly all of its members were men of southern birth. Leaders among these were Sterling Price and Hamilton R. Gamble. Price afterwards became commander of the Missouri State Guard, and ultimately Major General in the Confederate service. Gamble joined the Unconditional Union men, and became the Union Governor of the state. He soon found himself at the head of a discordant mass, whose members were agreed upon only one thing, and that was to fight the South. Between times, when the weather was bad, or military movements were slow, they were perfectly ready to fight each other. Gamble was a Virginian by birth, and a slave holder, and most of those who took an active part in putting him into office, either were slave holders or were accustomed to the institution, and had no objection to it. Their ingrained love of the Union alone, caused them to separate themselves from the mass of their friends and kindred to espouse the Union cause.

A numerous wing of this Unconditional Union party, on the other hand, were bitterly opposed to

slavery, and at all times looked with suspicion upon any who would tolerate it. Among these especially were the Germans, who in St. Louis, constituted the bulk of the Union party. The Germans of that day were, nearly all of them, new-comers to the country, and, unlike their descendants of today, knew little of our institutions, and could not therefore, feel the same in-born love for the Union that native citizens did; but they hated slavery with a bitter hatred. It was too much like the condition they and their ancestors had endured for ages in their own country, and which they had made sacrifices to escape. Here was the difference that led to a long train of political results, including the Removal of the Judges.

Whilst there was danger of Confederate domination in Missouri, these differences were smothered, but in course of time, the Union men of Missouri, with the aid of armies from Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, overcame the Southern element; and the more certain it became that the victory was with them, the more did the fires of political disunion burn among them. Some language of Mr. Lincoln reported at the time by our fellow townsman, Mr. Taussig, still happily among us, shows this in a strong light. Mr. Taussig was a delegate from the German Radicals of St. Louis, and a member of the committee already spoken of. Upon his return from Washington, he quoted the President as having declared that—

"The dissensions between Union men in Missouri are due solely to a factious spirit, which is exceedingly reprehensible. The two parties ought to have their heads knocked together. Either would rather see the defeat of their adversary than that of Jefferson Davis."

Also, in an official letter to Gen. Schofield, dated May 27, 1863, Mr. Lincoln said that the Union men of Missouri "had entered into a pestilent factional quarrel among themselves."

The state convention which, in the summer of 1861,

had put Gamble at the head, and reorganized the whole state government in favor of the Union, in 1863 passed an ordinance decreeing the gradual emancipation of the slaves. Under this ordinance all slaves were to be free from and after the fourth day of July, 1870, but their former masters were to retain some measure of control over them, for graduated periods of time, according to the age of the individual; some of them, the oldest, even for their whole lives. Restrictions also were put upon the sale of slaves, and upon importation from other states.

This ordinance, though a long step beyond what had been originally intended by its framers, gave great offense to those who were abolitionists pure and simple. They denounced it as a compromise with the powers of darkness, and as riveting the chains of slavery more securely than even the Rebels could hope to, and they charged Gov. Gamble with enforcing a pro-slavery policy. Their dissatisfaction with the state administration, already great, was intensified by the passage of this ordinance. An editorial in The Democrat spoke of the Conservative Unionists as having "played a role more disreputable than treason itself."

On the other hand, on the 12th of October, 1863, Gov. Gamble issued a proclamation aimed at the Radicals, in which he said that for many months past innumerable false accusations had daily issued from a corrupt and malignant press; that there could be traitors against the State as well as against the Federal Government, and that the masses were being misled by the arts and falsehoods of a few designing leaders; and he warned all the good people of Missouri to be on their guard against the artifices of these men, as likely to lead them to their ruin.

Long before this, on the 12th of January, 1861, a numerously attended public meeting had been held in the City of St. Louis, at which was adopted a resolution declaring that—

"The possession of slave property is a constitutional right, and if the Federal Government should fail and refuse to secure this right, the southern states should be united in its defense; in which event Missouri will share the common duties and common dangers of the South."

It was now (in 1863) pointed out by Governor Gamble's opponents that he was one of the principal movers and leading figures of this meeting, and it was remembered that at that time he had said, that Missouri ought to await the action of Virginia on the question of secession, and ought to go out of the Union, or stay in, as Virginia did. It was said that at that time Sterling Price entertained the same views, and had later shown more sincerity and consistency by going into the Confederate army. Some even said that Gamble had finally decided to embrace the Union cause only because he was a man of large property, and thought this was the safer course. A loud demand for his resignation followed. Personally, Gov. Gamble had no special ambition to hold the office, and he tendered his resignation, but was prevailed upon to withdraw it.

The wrath of the Radicals was not directed against Gov. Gamble and his administration, alone. It included also Gen. Schofield, the commander of the Union forces in this State. The committee already mentioned demanded his removal. It was in answer to this demand that the President gave the above quoted summary of the situation in Missouri; and he added that the facts so stated sufficiently accounted for what had occurred in Missouri, without ascribing the situation to the weakness or the wickedness of any general. He therefore refused the demand.

The fact was that Schofield's record was not satisfactory to the out-and-out abolitionists. Unlike Fremont, he had not been one of them from the beginning. When Fremont, in August, 1861, proclaimed the freedom of all slaves belonging to persons in Missouri

who took an active part against the Government, and Benj. F. Butler, about the same time, declared contraband of war and free, the slaves of Confederates in Virginia, the Radicals were delighted. For a time Mr. Lincoln was the subject of distrust among them, because he disapproved the action of both of these generals. Schofield was known to look upon negroes as good material for servants. As an officer of the army he had never had much knowledge of, or use for, them in any other capacity.

In this connection I may relate an incident which took place in September, 1860. Schofield was a professor in Washington University. Delightful old Joseph G. Hoyt was chancellor. I was a student, with decided southern sympathies. The chancellor had just returned from his summer vacation in New England, and was recounting to Maj. Schofield his summer experiences. Among other things he said that he had been making some abolition speeches. "You might have been better employed," said the major. Word spread of this throughout the school, and greatly increased the popularity of the major with us southern boys, a popularity already well established in the school at large, because the Major did not require too much learning of us.

The foregoing only describes one side of the causes of irritation and suspicion between Union men. At the outset and often, Mr. Lincoln declared that the war was waged, not to free the slaves, but to save the Union. His treatment of Fremont and Butler seemed to carry out this idea. There were many thousands of men in Missouri, and in the border states in general, who saw nothing inconsistent in being upholders of slavery, and at the same time upholders of the Union; they and their fathers before them had always been both. Great numbers of these volunteered in the Union army. As time wore on, the pressure upon Mr. Lincoln to free the slaves became greater, and finally, in January, 1863, he issued the historic procla-

mation. Nominally this did not apply to the border states, but it was plain to all that it was part of a continually rising tide. It was a staggering blow to a large section of the Union party in Missouri, as it was in all the border states, and indeed, in many other parts of the Union. Evidence of this last is found in the testimony of Gen. Joseph Hooker, before the Congressional Committee of Inquiry, that a large element of the army of the Potomac had taken sides against the emancipation proclamation, and had declared that if they had anticipated it, they would never have gone into the war. To this he attributed in a large measure the extraordinary number of absences without leave from that army, amounting to many thousands, and including both officers and men.

Mr. Lincoln's change of policy was peculiarly felt in the border states, where many slaves were owned. My friend, the late Charles S. Brent, of Lexington, Kentucky, whose name is preserved in our neighboring suburb of Brentmoor, once described to me the feeling among Kentuckians in the Union army when the proclamation came out. Many considered that they had been hoodwinked into the service. For the greater number, the privates, there was of course no escape. Willingly or unwillingly they must continue to serve; to abandon their regiments would be desertion, with death the penalty. The officers, however, could resign, and many did, including Captain Brent.

Events such as these stirred up and increased ill feeling among Union men.

Other elements also entered into the situation, some of them personal.

Thus, when the movement to divide Virginia into two states culminated in the creation of the state of West Virginia, it became a serious question whether or not the United States could recognize the new state. The President referred this question to Judge Edward Bates, then Attorney General. Judge Bates

considered the act to be unconstitutional and revolutionary, and also unnecessary, and so advised the President in a formal opinion. From that moment he began to fall from grace, and in time left the cabinet; he was not radical enough; he was an obstacle in the way of progress. He was by birth a Virginian and by adoption a Missourian. When he came back to his home in St. Louis, he naturally allied himself with the Conservative element, and for the brief remainder of his life was a conspicuous leader of that party.

Gen. Frank P. Blair was also on the side of the Conservatives. An abolitionist before the war when that was not the winning side in Missouri, the most conspicuous figure on the Union side in the early stages of the contest for control of the state, and throughout a valiant soldier in the field, he yet disapproved the Radical programme. With him went a great body of the most determined Union men.

The Radical element was, however, rapidly gaining the ascendant. This was inevitable. In all revolutions the extremists sooner or later prevail. It was so in the French revolution, several times over. Just now we have seen the same rule at work in Mexico. Madero proclaimed a distribution of property among the people, and overthrew a government that had been established for thirty years. But he was slow in carrying out his programme; so he fell. Huerta, Blanquet and the younger Diaz rose up to right the wrong. But Villa, Zapata and their associates, who in our eyes do not rise above the grade of bandits, are now contesting with them the claims to the most advanced patriotism.

If the Southern element in Missouri in the days of the civil war were rebellious, the Union element were revolutionary, and so the usual rule found room for action. By the first of the year 1864, the legislature had been won over to the Radical side. With a view of undoing the work of the first convention, an act was passed providing for the holding of another convention, the members to be elected in November, 1864,

and to assemble in St. Louis, January 6, 1865. This act provided that the new convention should proceed to consider such amendments to the Constitution of the state as might be by them deemed necessary, first, for the emancipation of the slaves, second, to preserve in purity the elective franchise to loyal citizens, and third, generally to promote the public good. The election was held and the result was all that could be desired by its promoters. Three-fourths of those elected were Radicals. Thomas B. Harris, of Callaway County, was the principal exception, and he was promptly expelled as disloyal. Mr. Harris was probably as loyal a man as could at that time be elected in the Kingdom of Callaway, if any vote at all was allowed to its people; but that qualification was itself enough to condemn him in the minds of those in control of the convention.

The convention assembled on the appointed day.

Promptly the movement to oust the judges was initiated by Mr. Green, of Marion County, with a resolution which declared that in order to meet the wants and interests of the progressive spirit of the people, it was necessary to reorganize the judicial system, and to declare vacant all judicial offices from the Supreme Bench down.

The convention appointed a committee to consider this subject, the chairman of which was Mr. Henry A. Clover, whom many present will remember as a learned lawyer of this city. This committee soon reported an ordinance, the object of which was expressed to be "to vacate certain civil offices, to harmonize the workings of the government, and to protect citizens from injury and harassment from prosecution for acts done by them in support of the government." This is the ordinance which has come down into history under the name of the "Ousting Ordinance." It was accompanied by a report, recommending its adoption. The following excerpt is sufficient to show the drift of the report:

"The Committee is of opinion that, to harmonize the working of the state government in all its departments, it is necessary to vacate throughout, and in detail, all the judicial offices of the state. The convention has already enacted an ordinance emancipating slaves. Should the judicial department of the state government be held at liberty to impeach the entire lawfulness of this act? Property in man exists and has always heretofore been recognized in this state, and if rightfully existing at one time, it may always rightfully exist. The convention, or the majority of the people, have no right or lawful authority to deprive a citizen of property without compensation, not even pretended to be taken for public use. The right or authority so to do is denied in the very nature of the social contract. Upon this plea the lawfulness of this act of the convention may be denied by the judges. Should it be permitted, if it can be prevented?

"Again, the convention has considered a measure for preserving in purity the elective franchise, and, in so doing, to disfranchise the rebel and rebel sympathizer. Shall the effect of this measure be allowed to be frittered away by unfavorable and hostile construction and interpretation of term and phrase?

"Again, martial law, which is simply the will of the military commander, since its institution in this state, has suppressed newspapers; has stopped, as well as regulated, commercial intercourse; has seized property; has punished the citizen; has controlled the courts; has forbidden the institution or prosecution of suits; has imprisoned the person of the suitor; has instructed the Judge; has entered houses; has taken household furniture, has sold and made title thereto, has apportioned the proceeds thereof—not the property of citizens actually engaged in war, but of those who were simply disloyal and disaffected; has levied assessments, collected moneys, imprisoned, banished and put to death. All this is utterly incompatible with the ordinary and usual workings of civil government.

"This has been and is being done in palpable and direct violation of the plainest principles we are retaining in our new work. It has been done, not through the medium of courts of justice, not through the intervention of a jury, not by the judgment of the peers, not by the law of the land, but in the opinion

of the Committee it has been necessarily done. This condition of affairs has been brought about by no fault of the loyal people of the state.

"The question recurs, shall all the matters which the committee have spoken of be drawn into controversy and adjudication by the civil or criminal courts of the land? In the opinion of the committee it would not be the part of wisdom to have this be."

The ordinance, whose passage was thus recommended, included all the judges and clerks of all the courts in the state, also all county recorders, and all circuit attorneys and their assistants, and later all sheriffs were added. It provided that all these offices, more than 1,000 in number, should become vacant on the first day of May, 1865, and that the vacancies should be filled by the Governor.

Before this, the convention had passed an ordinance for the immediate abolition of slavery, and they were then planning one to disfranchise all southern sympathizers.

It is plain from the report above quoted that Judge Clover and his committee fully realized that in declaring the abolition of slavery, they were committing an act of revolution and confiscation. Property in negro slaves had always been recognized by the law of the land; there was not a single state in the Union in which this was not true at some time in its history. In Missouri it was distinctly recognized at that very time, and the very constitution, which the convention was then submitting to the people for adoption, contained a provision, the same as in the earlier constitution, and in all the constitutions of all the states in this country, both before and since that time, declaring that no private property ought to be taken by the state without just compensation to the owners. In violation of this accepted principle, this convention was undertaking to take away from their owners this kind of property without making compensation. At the time, this was denounced by a large element of the

people as the extreme of lawlessness. Today it is, to socialists and communists, the supreme precedent in favor of their theory that the State may do as it will with all private property.

Fully realizing all of this, as their report candidly shows, Mr. Clover and his committee also knew that no lawyer could be trusted to depart from this fundamental principle, who was not schooled or pledged in advance to overthrow it. Hence they were determined to reorganize the judiciary, as they called it, by putting into the courts men who could be depended upon to approve the action of the convention, at all cost, and in spite of all principle. That is what the committee meant when it spoke of "harmonizing the government."

The ordinance did not pass entirely unopposed.

Mr. Isidor Bush, of St. Louis, offered a substitute, authorizing the Governor to vacate any office upon proof satisfactory to him that the incumbent was disloyal. Mr. Bush said that he was willing that all disloyal officers should be ousted, that the great body of the officers of the state were loyal, that the cases worthy of removal were few, and that it was wrong to vacate all on account of these few.

Mr. Hughes, of Pettis County, said that members wanted to clean out all the offices, and then make the Governor appoint all Radicals to the places; that he did not want to depose men because they were accused; that he wanted to see proof against them before putting them out; that mere difference of opinion in politics ought not to be enough to depose a man. Mr. Hughes claimed to be "equal to any member in radicalism, abolitionism, or any other ism that was decried by Rebels and Copperheads," but he could not agree to the ordinance as reported by the committee.

Mr. Holland, of Henry County, said that if Mr. Hughes had not said he was a Radical, they might from his speech have deemed him a Copperhead. He

(Mr. Holland) was for getting at these Conservative men whose influence always went against Union men. The Radical party was the only true Union party in the state.

Mr. Emory S. Foster, of Johnson County, said:

"We came here to disfranchise Rebels, and our duty would not be completed if we did not turn out all, both Conservative and Rebel officers, if they were elected by Rebels. There are many loyal officers in the State who were elected by Rebels, because they had always been so tender to them, and so ready to testify to their loyalty before provost-marshals. I am in favor of cleaning them out. I believe the Supreme Judges now on the bench, although Union men, were elected by Rebel votes."

Mr. Gilbert, of Platte County, said that this was a square-toed age, and he was glad to see the convention come up to the mark, and say that a man who was not a Radical was not fit to hold office; that he would vote for the substitute, but hoped it would not pass. "Hustle these officers out," he said—"Don't put these Copperheads and sympathizers to the trouble of proving their loyalty—make a clean sweep of all who disagree with you in politics." (The reporter says that this speech was in an ironical vein.)

Mr. Folmsbee, of Daviess County, said that he believed a man who was mean enough to be a traitor, would not scruple to do anything to establish his loyalty. He would take these men by the throat, say to them, "You haven't even the right to citizenship here," and kick them out.

Mr. Chauncey I. Filley, the only member of the St. Louis delegation who still survives, said he believed with the gentleman from Platte, in toeing the mark. This thing of vacating offices was commenced by the Provisional Government. He had once given a postmaster a letter to the Provisional Governor (Gamble), and they actually tried to get the man out of his postoffice, because he took a letter from a St. Louis "Charcoal." "It is our time now," said Filley.

Mr. Wyllys King, of St. Louis, related an anecdote of early times when he first commenced to sell combs in Southern Illinois. A man came to buy a fine tooth comb. "How fine do you want it?" I asked. "I want one fine enough to take 'em all out without crippling any." Mr. King said the convention ought to act on the same principle—make a clean sweep, without crippling any.

Mr. St. Gem, of St. Genevieve County, looked at the subject from a different angle. He thought the Governor would not thank the convention if it made him a judge of the loyalty of men, and thus saddled a large amount of business on him.

In this vein did the majority of the convention treat Mr. Bush's substitute, a proposition which must now strike all of us as very fair, even from a Union standpoint. It was lost by a vote of 44 to 4.

Mr. Bush, still anxious to save the reputation of the convention for fairness, offered an amendment providing that no member of the convention should be appointed to any office vacated by the ordinance, except such as were then filled by members. Mr. Bush said he wished to show to the world that the convention was acting disinterestedly.

Mr. Geo. P. Strong, of St. Louis, opposed Mr. Bush's amendment. He could see no reason why the members of the convention should deny themselves the right, which every citizen has, to aspire to office. Besides, he said, the aspirants, if there were any, might have cause to remember the old song:

> I'll not marry you, my pretty maid,
> Who ever asked you, sir? she said.

And so did Mr. Strong, with a pleasantry, think to hide the point of his opposition.

Mr. Bush's amendment was lost by a vote of 29 to 5.

When the Ousting Ordinance came up for final passage, Mr. Wm. D'Oench, of St. Louis, opposed it. He said that it removed from office more than 1,000 judges, clerks, sheriffs and other officers.

"In doing this the convention steps upon ground most dangerous—dangerous on account of a revolution it introduces into state affairs, dangerous as introducing a precedent unheard of in the annals of legislation. Let us well consider what we are doing; let us well weigh an act, which, sweeping as it is, may and will do injustice even to loyal men. In turning out all of our provisional officers and giving the reappointing power to the Governor, we assume powers which, though we may possess them, we have not been instructed or expected by the people to exercise. I am willing to disfranchise rebels; but I am not willing to vacate the offices of 950 good and true men for the purpose of reaching 50 men, who, in general terms are charged with sympathy for the rebel cause. Can such men not be reached by laws which can be made by the convention?"

This speech of Mr. D'Oench's is the only one reported which has the least smack of statesmanship. He concluded:

"My radicalism is not of yesterday; I belong to the men who withdrew from the Claybank convention in 1861, and assisted in calling into existence the now powerful Radical party."

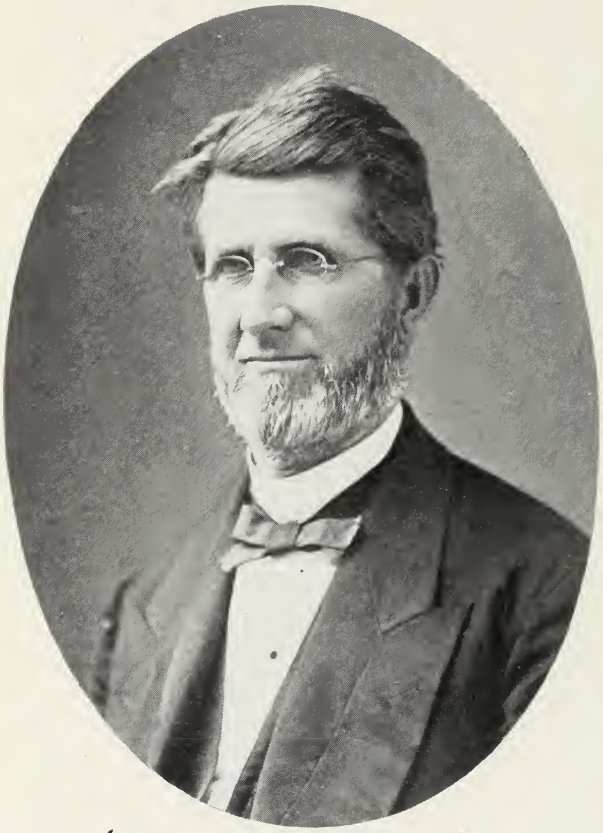
Mr. Rankin, of Franklin County, said there was not a disloyal officer in his county, but he was willing to vote for an ordinance turning out all officers, including constables and justices of the peace. The ordinance did not go far enough for him.

On the final vote, the Ousting Ordinance was adopted by 43 to 5.

Whilst it was under consideration, Judge Barton Bates resigned from the Supreme Court, leaving Bay and Dryden on the Bench. Bay had been a Republican, Dryden a Democrat, before the war. They had been appointed in 1861, when the old court was ousted, and then had been elected in 1863—"by gross fraud," The Democrat said; "in spite of fraud, intimidation and terrorism," The Republican said.

Before the Ousting Ordinance was adopted, Gov.

Gamble had died, Lieutenant Governor Willard P. Hall had taken his place, and he in turn had been succeeded as Governor by Thomas C. Fletcher, elected in the Fall of 1864. Fletcher belonged to the Radical element, and was fully committed to the enforcement of the Ousting Ordinance. Accordingly, he appointed David Wagner and Walter L. Lovelace, and afterwards Nathaniel Holmes, to take the places of the old judges. On the 13th of June, Messrs. Wagner and Lovelace met and made an order requiring Andrew W. Mead, then clerk of the Supreme Court, to surrender the records of the court to their clerk, Mr. Bowman. Mr. Mead declined to comply, and immediately applied to the Circuit Court for an injunction against Wagner, Lovelace and their associates to prevent them from meddling with the records of the court. Circuit Judge Moodey, an original Republican, was of the opinion that the Ousting Ordinance was void, and accordingly issued the injunction. He had already decided the identical question in the case of Alfred C. Bernoudy, whose office of Recorder of Deeds fell within the same ordinance, and was claimed by Mr. Conrad, an appointee of Gov. Fletcher. On the next day, June 14th, the Governor issued an order to General David C. Coleman of the State Militia, to be served by him upon Judges Bay and Dryden, warning them that they were usurpers and that he would deal with them summarily if they failed to vacate. The General went to the Court House in St. Louis, found Judges Bay and Dryden holding court, and presented this order. They declined to yield to the Governor's threat, declaring that he had no authority of law for interrupting them in the discharge of their duties. They claimed that, as they had been elected pursuant to the constitution and laws of the state, they had a right to remain in office until their terms expired. They denied that the convention had power to pass the Ousting Ordinance, because it was not one of the matters named as a subject of legislation in the act



John D. S. Dryden

of the legislature calling the convention. They denied its validity because it had not been submitted to a vote of the people. They insisted that it was in effect an abolishment, as far as it went, of the old constitution, without the consent of the people; that it was the business of the courts to pass on the constitutionality of laws, and not of the Governor, that it therefore belonged to the old court, and not to the appointees of the Governor, constituting the new court, to decide the question; else the whole theory of liberty based on a constitutional judiciary was at an end. The argument of Messrs. Bay and Dryden was undoubtedly strong in point of law, but in practice it was weak because it had no bayonets to back it.

After the refusal of the judges to submit to the Governor's order, Gen. Coleman withdrew, but shortly returned with another order from the Governor, again declaring Bay and Dryden to be usurpers, directing Coleman to put the new appointees in possession of the Supreme Court room, with all the records seals, furniture, books and papers of the court, and also directing him to use such force as he might deem necessary, and to arrest all persons who might oppose him. The judges refused to recognize the authority of this order also, and again protested against any interruption of the business of the court. Gen. Coleman then informed them that as an officer, he must obey the orders of his superior, and asked them to consider themselves removed by force. They declined this. He then proceeded to lay his hands upon them, and asked that they should consider this an arrest. This was also declined, and he was told that they would only yield to the presence and command of a force which they could not successfully resist. Coleman then called in a detachment of police who were held in readiness, and at his order the judges were taken from their seats by the police and were escorted as prisoners to the office of Recorder Wolff, a police justice. A complaint was there lodged against them

as having disturbed the peace by interfering with the Supreme Court. Fletcher, Wagner, Lovelace, Holmes and Bowman were named as witnesses. The case was set for trial next morning, but nobody appeared to prosecute, and so the complaint was dismissed.

After the judges were removed from the court room, the police remained in and about the room for several hours. A military force also was stationed outside the court house, consisting of the 48th regiment of Missouri Infantry, some 600 or 700 men. These were posted in Chestnut Street, from Tenth Street eastward, and were under the command of our genial friend, Col. Wells H. Blodgett, then a young warrior, but now, and for many years last past known to us all as the bland, wise and efficient General Counsel of the Wabash Railroad Company.

It also appears from The Republican of June 13th and 15th, that a company of the Seventh Regiment of Enrolled Militia was called out and stationed at their armory on Walnut Street on the 12th, and that Company A of the Third Ward Militia relieved the other company after two days service. It would seem that the authorities either expected forcible opposition to their measures, or were determined to forestall and prevent opposition. The Democrat of June 15th, mentioned that a large military force was held in readiness "in case of an outbreak."

Judge Dryden promptly sued Gov. Fletcher for $50,000 damages. His attorneys were Thos. T. Gantt and Samuel T. Glover. These had been among the staunchest and promptest supporters of the Union from the beginning. But they had not kept pace with the growth of Radical sentiment, and so they had been sent to the back seat, next to the out-and-out rebels. As might have been expected with such lawyers for his counsel, the petition in Judge Dryden's suit was a model of good pleading. But the cards were stacked; the judges before whom the case was to come, owed their positions to the very ordinance whose validity

the petition attacked. The case lingered for a while in court and was then dismissed.

The Radicals had the military power under their control, and they had used it—with the skill of experts, as they thought; with the brutality of bandits, as their adversaries thought.

As we look back to 1865 and over the intervening years, it seems to me that we cannot deny to the Radicals of that day and their successors the meed of political skill. Without it, how could they have kept within the fold of the same party for a generation two such discordant elements as the Germans and the church-going, Sunday-closing, temperance-loving New Englanders, who together have always constituted the strength of that party in Missouri?

In every country which has claimed to have a Constitutional government, the control of the judiciary has always been deemed vital. Hence it was that King George Third made the judges dependent on his will alone, as our ancestors charged in the Declaration of Independence. This convention was not afraid or ashamed to create a judiciary of its own, pledged to support measures which it acknowledged to be unlawful and revolutionary, and for that purpose to oust judges whose only fault was that they could not be depended upon to uphold these measures.

You have seen how the members of the convention viewed the Ousting Ordinance. It will be interesting to note the attitude of some of the leading journals, and the reasons why they supported or opposed it.

In the Missouri Democrat, of June 13, 1865, there was an editorial entitled:

"*Bold Usurpation. Last Struggle of the Gamble Dynasty.*

"The desperation of the Rebel conservative element in Missouri, as it sees the power passing from its hands into those of the Radical loyal men, is vividly illustrated in its bold, revolutionary attempt of yester-

day to retain a foothold in authority, by unscrupulously asserting possession of the Supreme Bench, in open defiance of an ordinance of the late state convention. We do not propose to speak in terms unnecessarily harsh of this audacious and utterly unscrupulous proceeding. It is enough that the facts should be known to put the seal of condemnation upon it in every honest mind. The authority of the state government, as vested in the hands of the Governor, is sufficient to right the wrong which has been committed, and in so doing he will at once punish the gross usurpation and defend the power of the people as exercised by their proper representatives in convention assembled. The Ousting Ordinance was passed, to get rid of certain disloyal officials, who had managed to secure positions which they held to the great detriment of the interests and rights of loyal men. The removing clause applied to the Judges of the Supreme Court, who were especially obnoxious to the great class of loyal citizens. This ordinance was adopted by a convention of the people elected upon the plain understanding that it represented the supreme power of the state. The Governor recognized its authority, and appointed Messrs. Lovelace and Wagner to fill the places of the deposed judges. Yesterday when the new judges met in this city to enter upon the discharge of their official duties, they found the old judges occupying the Supreme Court room, in session, and the regular clerk calling the docket with all the books and records in his possession. Under such circumstances, Messrs. Wagner and Lovelace were powerless to take their seats. They, however, called court in another room in the court house, appointed a clerk, and through him served notice on Mr. Mead, the old clerk, to deliver up the records, which Mr. Mead declined to do.

"It is well known that this movement on the part of the old judges and their friends was the result of concert and premeditation. It has been plainly foreshadowed in inflammatory articles appearing in the conservative journals of this city, one of which, the Dispatch, went so far as to threaten the Governor, if he undertook to carry out the policy in this city, which he had enforced elsewhere, of installing the new appointees, that he would be hung from a gibbet or cast into the Mississippi. Such language, in connec-

W. T. M. Bay
City Councilman

tion with the remarkable demonstration of yesterday, shows that revolutionary resistance of the law has been deliberately decided upon by the conservative leaders of this city and state.

"The importance of retaining possession of the Supreme Court by the old judges is plain enough, because not only of its power to pass upon the convention's ordinances, thereby retaining all the disloyal officials in their offices, but, after the precedent of Judge Moodey of the St. Louis Circuit Court, to declare all ordinances of the convention null and void and thus re-instate slavery in Missouri. That such are the ends for which the old court and its friends are now so audaciously striving, no one will dispute. It is a last and desperate attempt on the part of the men who ruled and flourished under what was known as the Gamble Dynasty to perpetuate their power in Missouri, through the agency of an unscrupulous court, in insolent defiance of the popular will.

"To show how utterly inexcusable is the proceeding of Judges Dryden and Bay, it need merely be mentioned that they entered office by virtue of precisely the same authority which they now dispute. The old convention of 1861, which possessed in no sense a greater power than the last convention, deposed former Judges Napton, Ewing and Scott, and authorized the Governor (Gamble) to supply their seats, which was done by the appointment of Messrs. Bay, Dryden and Barton Bates. Messrs. Dryden and Bay then seemed to have no doubt of the authority of the state convention to remove judges, and of the Governor to appoint their successors. They accepted the positions and drew their salaries without a word of protest. It was not until they were deposed themselves, that they discovered that there was no legal power in the sovereign people, through their lawful representatives, to remove obnoxious and unfaithful judges. In view of this remarkable inconsistency, we must confess our astonishment at the course pursued by Messrs. Dryden and Bay. In nought else are we much surprised. When we consider that these judges were perpetuated in power, after it had been obtained in the manner above described, by a gross fraud upon the soldiers of Missouri, whose votes elected other men in their places in the election of 1863, but were rejected by corrupt state officials, that these men might

be continued in office, we see nothing strange in their willingness to participate in active usurpation, however flagrant."

In the Missouri Democrat of June 14, is an editorial entitled:

Making the Rebels Respectable.

It says:

"It might be admitted that the Rebels are not now the worst disturbers of the peace in Missouri. Many of them would act with propriety if a certain class of Union men would let them alone. Unquestionably, the greatest mischief makers now in the state are those Conservative Unionists, who want to use the Rebels for political purposes, and who are constantly stirring them up against the Radicals. At the last election great numbers of the Rebels committed perjury by taking an oath that they had always been loyal men. Many of them would never have thought of doing so if Edward Bates had not taught them the lesson of false swearing. This disorganizing and violent course of the old Supreme Court and its Conservative advisers and backers has completely eclipsed any little peccadillos which the Rebels are now committing. The greatest disturbances which we now have in the state are chiefly the work of professed Union men—that is, Conservative Union men. If the former keep on as they did just before and during the election, and as they are doing now, the Rebels will come to be regarded as good citizens by contrast."

In another editorial, The Democrat said:

"No man in the State took so active a part in opposing the new constitution as Edward Bates, who, although out of office, is still looked up to as a leader second only to General Blair, by the Conservative Unionists, or Claybanks, as they are called. Fearing lest the Rebels would be deterred from voting by the oath prescribed by the late state constitution, requiring every voter to swear that he had always been loyal to the government, Judge Bates wrote and published an opinion, advising them to vote notwithstanding

they had to take the oath, and thereby swear to what was false, upon the ground that the convention had no legal power to require the oath. This opinion brought many thousand Rebels to the polls. Nor were the other members of the Claybank party a particle less zealous in their efforts. Men who had lived upon the government during the entire war, went arm in arm to the polls with men who had fought the government for the greater part of that time, and voted the same ticket. In fact it became a matter of common remark and joke that the political followings of General Blair and Sterling Price had consolidated."

The following editorial extracts give an idea of the view entertained of these proceedings by the opposition, and also some details of the several steps.

On June 13th, The Republican said:

"Hon. David Wagner and Walter L. Lovelace, Esq., entered the court room and took their seats among the spectators. James O. Broadhead was arguing a case. At a suitable opportunity Mr. Wagner approached Judge Dryden, and after the usual salutation between personal friends, informed the judge that he had in his pocket a commission from the Governor appointing him a judge of the Supreme Court, adding, 'But I suppose you do not intend to recognize the appointment.' Being informed that he was right in this, he and Lovelace withdrew from the court room, while the court went on with its business."

The Republican submissively expressed a hope that the matter would drop there, asserting that the ablest lawyers in Missouri, and in the constitutional convention, denied the power of the convention to pass the Ousting Ordinance.

The Anzeiger went further, and asserted that Judges Bay and Dryden had no right to give up their offices.

On the 14th, The Republican noticed Mr. Mead's injunction suit, and again indulged the hope that this was an unnecessary proceeding. As we now know, this was a futile hope. This very day the judges were

arrested, and on the next day The Republican gave an account of the proceeding. Discussing the law of the case, The Republican correctly but vainly said:

"This was not only done without law, but after a solemn decision of the St. Louis Circuit Court, that the Ousting Ordinance was not valid, and also in the face of an injunction already issued and pending against the very act in question. It was not done in time of war, for there is no war now existing. There is no pretense of military necessity, because there was no enemy against whom military force could be directed. It was not done by virtue of martial law, for the State of Missouri has never declared martial law, and Gov. Fletcher was not the minister of martial law. The case presented a mere controversy between civil powers.

"The court whose authority was struck down was a legal, constitutional, loyal court, as to whose fidelity to the duties of its office, to the laws, to the constitution and to the country, no question had ever been made, or could be made. It was elected by the people in 1863. Its members were sworn to support the constitution of Missouri. They not only had the right, but it was their duty to support that constitution, as their best judgment dictated. The late convention passed an ordinance turning them out of office. This was not within the scope of the act calling the convention, was not within the powers of the convention, and was not incorporated into the constitution framed by them, and submitted to the people at the late election. The offense which the old judges committed, was that they were of opinion that this ordinance was not valid. The Governor thought it was. If they honestly believed that the ordinance was not valid, they were bound to disregard it. This was done, whereupon, the Governor sends a brigadier-general in force to turn them out. This act of the Governor is mitigated by nothing that is plausible or decent. It was an act of coarse, vulgar, brutal tyranny. Any fair-minded person must see that it is the business of some court to pass on the constitutionality and effect of the laws of the state. This is not the province of the Governor. There is no use of courts at all, if the Governor is the one to expound as well as execute the laws.

"The new judges were severally polled in advance as to their opinions on the vacating ordinance; and a city paper made bold to announce, unquestionably by authority, that they would make quick work of all objections to it. The Governor had the greatest difficulty to find respectable members of the bar who would consent to humiliate themselves by accepting his commissions. The ordinance has been the theme of ridicule throughout the state, the opinions of the bar were everywhere against it, and the masses of the people everywhere condemned and scoffed at it. Such was the torrent of indignation that the convention which had the wickedness to pass it, was afraid to submit it to the people.

"The question of validity rose before Judge Moodey, a member of the same party with the convention. He promptly held it void. It rose next before the Circuit Court of Lafayette County, Judge Tutt, who was of the same party with, and had just been appointed by the Governor; but this lordly tyrant was afraid to trust Judge Tutt to pass on it. So he sent a file of soldiers, who decided it. The same question rose in Pettis County, and the circuit judge of that county was competent and ready to rule on the case, but the Governor was afraid to trust him, because the narrow-minded and reckless fanatics who advise and govern him, know that there is no certainty of sustaining the ordinance, save by the soldiery."

The Chicago Republican had this to say:

"The difficulty is that the ordinance put the judges of the Supreme Court out of office, and left no tribunal with final authority to decide upon the question. New judges might be appointed by the Governor, but if the ordinance is void, these certainly would have no power to decide a question involving their own tenure of office, and that of those constitutionally entitled to execute that office. Altogether, the constitution-makers in Missouri have succeeded in getting the government machine in that state into a very curious muddle."

I have sought to describe the situation in Missouri, as it existed toward the close of the war, among Union

men. I have said almost nothing of that large element who were not in favor of the Union. To them the most of this contention seemed of little consequence in comparison with what they had endured for years. It had come to be a common saying that a Rebel had no rights that a Union man was bound to respect, and many of the Union men had acted on that theory. To the Southern element therefore, Radicals and Conservatives, or as they were commonly called, Charcoals and Claybanks, looked about alike. In the matter of the removal of the judges, this element were at first indifferent spectators. They remembered that this was not the first set of judges which had been deposed. In 1861, the first convention had prescribed a test oath, and because the lawfully elected judges, Napton, Scott and Ewing, declined to take it, their places were vacated, and as pointed out by The Democrat in one of its editorials, these same gentlemen, Bay and Dryden, with Barton Bates were put into them. That there was nothing against Judge Napton and his associates, except their politics is shown by the fact, that the new judges adopted and promulgated, as their own, twenty-two decisions which had been prepared by the old judges, but had not been announced. See Volume 31 of Missouri Supreme Court Reports.

When it came the turn of these new judges to be deposed simply because they were not acceptable to a dominant party, the old judges and their friends spent no sympathy upon them. "Serves them right," "Dog eat dog," were common expressions among the Southern element. Some, inclined to be more reverent, talked of retribution and quoted those classic lines:

"He digged a pit,
He digged it deep,
He digged it for his brother,
But for his sin,
He did fall in
The pit he digged for t' other."

That there had been a flagrant violation of the Constitution and laws of the land meant little to this element. There had already been so many such violations that to them this one did not seem to count. They judged it to be a mere contest for office between contending factions. Later, when it became apparent that this and other acts of the second convention had caused an irreconcilable breach between the Charcoals and the Claybanks, that it was no longer a mere matter of contest for office, and that this breach promised political deliverance for the Southern element, they began to realize the magnitude of the crime against law which had been committed.

This sketch would be incomplete if it failed to notice the attitude of the German element of the population during these events. With few exceptions, as is well known, the Germans took the side of the Union, and their influence in Missouri became controlling. They claimed this as their due—as having saved Missouri to the Union. Accordingly the constitutional convention, of which I have been speaking, selected as its President, Arnold Krekel, a native of Prussia. At a Republican state convention held in September, 1863, out of about 500 delegates, 243, or just about one-half, were Germans. St. Louis was the principal seat of their power, and Turner Hall on Tenth Street, south of Market, their principal place of assembly. If a Union victory was announced a paean went up from Turner Hall; if a defeat, a thunder of condemnation against the Rebels and perhaps against the unsuccessful general. If the Radicals carried an election the trombones and bass drums at Turner Hall made the welkin ring; if it went the other way, Turner Hall furnished a suitable set of resolutions denouncing the fraud. By degrees the predominance of this element and their policies became offensive to many native born Union men, not a few of whom had only recently ceased to belong to the Know-Nothing, or American party. They declared that the Germans were assuming

too much unto themselves. Some remarkable outbursts of this sentiment took place in the constitutional convention.

In February, 1865, a meeting was held at Turner Hall, at which a resolution and petition were offered strongly urging upon the convention action which it was thought that body was unwilling to take. Mr. St. Gem, a member of the convention, took an active part in the meeting. He said:

"I rejoice to see that your demonstration is so vigorous here tonight, and I am informed that your petition is of such magnitude that you can walk up to the hall of that convention, like the barons of old, and force them to submit the proper measure, as those barons forced King John of England; and if they do not do it, I hope that there will be a spirit that will have the force of Cromwell and walk up in those halls and dissolve that long parliament."

A member of the convention offered a resolution for the expulsion of Mr. St. Gem for inciting persons to enter the convention, and Cromwell-like dissolve it. Another member suggested that Mr. St. Gem ought to be censured, but not expelled. A third obtained a kind of retraction or apology from Mr. St. Gem, and this was accepted as satisfactory. Thereupon, a country member, looking upon this as a concession to Turner Hall, offered a resolution,—

"That St. Louis is Missouri; that Turner Hall is the forum of America, the mouth-piece of this state, and celebrated for its great Barons, its Cromwellian style of doing business, its lager beer and big petitions; that St. Louis is, and by right ought to be a free and independent city, with full power to elect its own Governor and legislature; and that all attempts to annex it to the State of Missouri, or to subject it to the same laws to which other parts of the state are subject, ought to be resisted with the whole power of the German empire."

On another occasion a preamble to the constitution had been introduced, which acknowledged gratitude

to and dependence upon Almighty God. A member moved to strike out the words "Almighty God," and substitute the words, "German citizens."

Of course these resolutions were not adopted, and the outbursts at the time came to nothing. They did, however, serve to emphasize a feeling which was destined eventually to bear fruit. The Southern element, harking back to the days when Washington and Gates had captured the German armies in the pay of the British King, at Trenton and Saratoga, had from the beginning of the civil war been accustomed to call all Germans, Hessians. This feeling of opposition to the Germans formed a bond of union between the Conservatives and the Southern element, and eventually cut a great figure in the overthrow of the Radical party and its policies in Missouri.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the Germans were altogether unanimous in favor of Radicalism. A small, but earnest, minority was strong in its disapproval. In March, 1865, that vigorous and courageous man, Carl Daenzer, wrote in the Anzeiger:

"The question is whether the brutal, wicked and intolerable abuse of power on the part of the convention is any longer to be endured in silence."

I may add that within the last few weeks it has been my pleasure to get the name of one German veteran on the Confederate pension roll of Missouri. Another German, a scholarly gentleman, who in his boyhood days was a strong sympathizer with the South, though always an opponent of slavery, introduced this man to me, with the remark that a German Confederate soldier was a *rara avis,* which certainly is true. But the veteran's name was found duly enrolled in the Confederate records, now on file in the War Department at Washington, D. C. The introducer, it ought to be said, is himself a *rara avis* in his line. He is a druggist, and in his store may be found all the usual medical remedies. If a customer asks for a particular article he will sell it; but if the customer first asks

whether it is an efficient remedy, the druggist, as likely as not, will tell him it is worthless, and will advise him not to buy it, but to take some treatment that does not call for the use of drugs.

It is interesting to observe how a man may sometimes be a philosopher and yet no prophet. The Democrat of March 25, 1865, contains a debate between Drake, Bush and Krekel, in which also Mr. Gilstrap took part. The debate was anent the Germans. Mr. Krekel was a pronounced advocate of negro suffrage. Mr. Gilstrap, who had voted for the emancipation ordinance and also for the Ousting Ordinance, balked at this. He declared, "that these friends of negro voting are nearer that policy now, when passion and fanaticism are ruling the public mind, than they will be any day during the next 40 years." Mr. Gilstrap was surely right in declaring that passion and fanaticism were ruling the public mind, but his prophecy that negroes would not vote during the next 40 years, we know to our cost was not fulfilled.

The matters of which I have spoken are now long gone by, nearly half a century, and are mostly forgotten—by many no doubt, have never been heard of before. Perhaps some of you are thinking, why dig up these disagreeable old things, why not leave them buried in the dead past? One answer is that it is good to make men realize that they are forgotten. It is significant of the character of the American people. The Battle of the Boyne is still celebrated in the North of Ireland, and wherever else Orange-men do congregate, though it took place away back in 1688. On the other hand, it is said that there are still in England adherents of the house of Stuart, who habitually put the postage stamps on their letters up side down, by way of showing contempt for the vignette of the reigning monarch, and loyalty to the Stuarts, though there has been no Stuart on the throne for 200 years. Animosities do not live so long in this country. It is to be hoped the time will never come when they will thus survive the lapse of generations.

DR. L. M. LAWSON.

FOUNDING AND LOCATION OF WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE.

L. M. Lawson.

At the request of the honored President of the Board of Trustees of William Jewell College, Richard E. Turner, of Saint Joseph, Missouri, the following events and circumstances are related by one who was a youthful witness of the greater part of them, and who has received the authentication of the remainder of them from the direct testimony of those who were themselves the principal participants in these important transactions. It is most probable that the remembrance of these deeds cannot be found in any other living repository, because most of the actors and their coetanians have passed away.

The legal existence of the institution began when on the 27th day of February, 1849, the Governor of Missouri approved the act of incorporation which constituted the persons named therein a body politic and corporate for the purpose of endowing and building up a college under the direction of the General Association of the Baptists of the State of Missouri. But as early as the year 1834 the subject of higher education began to be discussed and written about by prominent members of this enlightened and enterprising denomination in various parts of the state, and a voluminous correspondence is still in existence which evidences the rising interest in this important subject.

In a recent perusal of some of this quaint correspondence between the primitive promoters of this great educational enterprise, the writer has remarked the frequently recurring use of the word "Seminary," as descriptive and definitive of the school it was the intention of the Baptists to establish. It is worthy of

especial note that the significant etymology of this word was a happy forecast and an appropriate harbinger of the great work that has been accomplished. A seminary is a place where seed is sown for producing plants for transplantation. Felicitous metaphor has applied the word to an institution of learning, and appropriately and aptly to this great school, because it has become a spot where is sown the seeds of superior scholarship and of the principles of civil and religious liberty, so vividly illustrated in the history of the great denomination of Christians which has struggled and fought and suffered on all the great fields of thought. The seed here sown has germinated and fructified and multiplied an hundred fold, and by the free winds borne have been wafted to the remotest regions of our land and country, and have found a lodgment and a habitation under alien skies.

In the annals of a nation, a state or a community, there is nothing of so transcending importance as the history of the origin, the location, the establishment and growth of its eminent schools. The existence of a college gifted with a great, energetic and intrepid spirit, like that which informs the people of Missouri and the neighboring districts of the Mississippi Valley, diffuses an intellectual atmosphere which makes life better worth for every one who has the opportunity of breathing its invigorating influences. Immortal honors are due to those who conceived the work, who laid its foundations, who labored for its success, who made sacrifices for its completion, and who stimulated the pulses of the people to a common effort for the great achievement.

The inhabitants of the region which was destined to become the home of the seminary were a vigorous, manly, liberty-loving people, and their devotion to freedom, caused them to name their county after the great Western statesman whose father was a Virginian Baptist minister; and one of that heroic band who stood for religious liberty in the Old Dominion. The

early occupation of the son bestowed upon him the sportive appellation of "The Mill Boy of the Slashes," and his great service to the people won for him the title of the "Great Commoner." The sterling worth of this people and the vitalizing power of the principles which governed their public and private conduct made Clay County an eligible spot in which to plant a seminary of learning.

When the Baptists of Missouri determined to establish a college, and appointed the meeting of a convention at Boonville, on the 21st of August, 1849, to effect an organization and settle the place of its permanent abode, the friends of learning and education at Liberty committed to Gen. Alexander W. Doniphan the task of arousing the people of the county to the importance of making an effort to secure the location of the school in their county town and of obtaining the necessary subscriptions of money for that purpose. He responded to the call.

General Doniphan had but recently returned from Mexico, crowned with great military distinction, and had been everywhere greeted with the applauses of his admiring countrymen. He was at the zenith of his fame as a soldier, a lawyer and a statesman. Seldom has it been the lot of a great leader to unite in the same bright combination so rare, so happy and so delicate an assemblage of eminent qualities and qualifications as met in this brilliant man. His intellect was of passing power and force, incisive, serene, capacious and catholic, rapidly assimilative, luxuriantly fruitful. His memory was astonishing, and at the docile service of a nimble and agile intellectuality. His discernment resembled inspiration. His imagination was warm and vivid, his judgment clear, his energy surpassing. His mind had been enlarged by an unusually wide experience. In the world of literature and the world of life he was equally at home. His face and figure were such as sculptors love to dwell upon. His person was tall and commanding; his stature was

six feet and four inches; his features were of classic elegance, but eager, mobile, animated; his hair was of the richest auburn hue; his forehead was high and intellectual; his finely cut nose was a combination of Grecian and Roman significance; his lips indicated eloquence; his dark eyes were full of fire; grace and dignity blended themselves in his deportment; his mental character was so happily constituted that his powers so compatible with each other were tempered into an exquisite harmony. One faculty especially had been granted to him in the largest measure—the faculty of eloquent expression. There was a thrilling note of sincerity in his voice, vibrant with a vast store of feeling and compelling magnetism.

These superb powers he devoted to the task of awakening his fellow-citizens to an interest in higher education, and to inspiring an effort to secure the establishment of a college in the capital of their county. In making a series of brilliant addresses, he visited every part of the county, traversed every community, and presented a masterly, convincing argument for the cause of the college, and with unflagging zeal and tireless energy, he solicited the aid and support of the people in the great undertaking. Crowds poured forth to meet him, and joyful acclamations rent the air, similar to those which are evoked in times of great political excitement. The ambition of the people was stirred, their zeal was inflamed, and social, political and religious distinctions were submerged in the waves of the rising enthusiasm. With so powerful an advocate, with so grand a cause, and with so receptive a community, failure was hardly possible. The great effort was crowned with success and with a formidable subscription the delegates from Clay County were sent to the convention at Boonville.

Great interest in the enterprise had developed, and was manifest in other parts of the state. Lively competition sprang into life, and there was active and determined rivalry in the emulous contest. Marion

County, Callaway County, Boone County, Howard County, and Cooper County were represented by delegations composed of influential Baptists, and they bore with them important contributions to the capital fund for the foundation of the college. Cooper County, in which Boonville is situate, and where the convention was to be held, was making a special effort, and with the advantage of being the convention city, and the opportunity thus afforded for the exercise of the social amenities of its graceful hospitality, was exerting a powerful influence upon the assembling congress of the Baptists of the state. It was the center of a society which numbered among its members some of the most accomplished men and women of the time.

On the early morning of August 21st, 1849, a conference of the partisans of Boonville was held to consider and discuss the situation. It met in the counting room of Isaac Lionberger, an eminent and enlightened merchant, a devoted Baptist, and a relative of President Richard E. Turner, who was then a youthful resident of Cooper County. There were present, among others, the brilliant and versatile Tyre C. Harris, and notably the sturdy, stalwart, Jordon O'Bryan, who had journeyed from his country home to counsel, encourage and aid his friends with his presence and his advice. They gathered round a circular board, but where the O'Bryan sat was the head of the table. He was a great planter, a man of wide knowledge and practical wisdom, his acquaintance with affairs was large, his judgment was sound. He was a skillful and adroit politician, a man of the highest probity, a loyal Baptist and an enthusiastic advocate of the candidacy of Boonville for the location of the college. He had been a representative of his county, and a senator from his district in the State Legislature. His influence was potent. Senator O'Bryan inquired of his colleagues about the personnel of the several delegations which were in attendance upon the convention. The names of those from

Howard, Boone, Callaway and Marion Counties were given him. They were the eminent Baptists of the several localities. Confidence was expressed that a canvass of the lists indicated a condition favorable to the choice of Boonville. At last, Senator O'Bryan inquired if no one had come from Liberty? The reply was that Clay County had not evinced any great interest, that no Baptist people had come thence, that two distinguished gentlemen, not Baptists, had arrived, but that the Baptists of that locality were not in the contest. Besides, Liberty was a frontier town, on the verge of the vast desert which stretched a limitless waste and unbroken wilderness until it reached the shores of the Pacific (At this period, 1849, the noble cities and prosperous commonwealths that embellish the map of the regions west of the Missouri river were not only unborn and unnamed, but they were even undreamed of, save in the fecund brain of that illustrious statesman and precient geomancer, Thomas Jefferson, who forty-six years before, had bought from the Emperor of the French the vast domain of rivers and plains and mountains, and dedicated it to American enterprise and American freedom). Senator O'Bryan listened with patient urbanity, and asked who were the distinguished gentlemen who had arrived from Clay County. He was told they were Gen. Alexander W. Doniphan and Judge J. T. V. Thompson. A look of surprise and anxiety mantled the bright, genial face of Jordon O'Bryan. He spoke gently, but with emphasis and concern. Said he: "Gentlemen, you have trained your guns in the wrong direction. You have been wasting your ammunition and your energies. Liberty is the point for you to attack, the fortress you must take. Doniphan and Thompson have not come here for mere maneuver or dress-parade. There will be no mock tournament. I have served in the Legislature with both these men, and I know their character and abilities. Judge Thompson is a shrewd and prudent manager, and

Doniphan is no carpet knight. While he is chivalrous and fair and gallant, you will find him armed cap-a-pie and ready to do and dare for his cause. He is the greatest master of polemical controversy this state has ever seen. His vigilance provides for all contingencies, except those which no human foresight can foresee. You will do well to rouse yourselves to encounter a sturdier competition than any you have yet imagined." The startled conference heard these words with dismay and adjourned. The Knights of the Round Table dispersed to begin new labors for Boonville among the delegates from the other counties.

At the appointed hour, the convention assembled in the Baptist meeting house. The building was densely crowded, the organization was effected without delay.

When the credentials of the delegations were presented and passed upon, it was evident that the subscription of no single county was sufficient to constitute a majority of the total capital subscribed, and that the final result would depend upon concession, compromise, or a change of sentiment or opinion of some delegation. The sum subscribed by Clay County was the largest plurality.

After the formal and preliminary work of organization was completed the president of the convention announced that the nomination of the place for the home of the college was in order. There was a hush of expectancy, and there was hesitancy in every quarter. The friends of each place thought the proper policy at the beginning was masterly inactivity, and that some advantage might be gained by waiting for others to make the first move. All seemed to wish the beneficial influence of the final word.

The assembled multitude became impatient of the delay, and the members of the convention were restive and uneasy. Doniphan's quick perception saw that the time had come to take the hazard of decisive measures. He determined to hesitate no longer.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not to put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

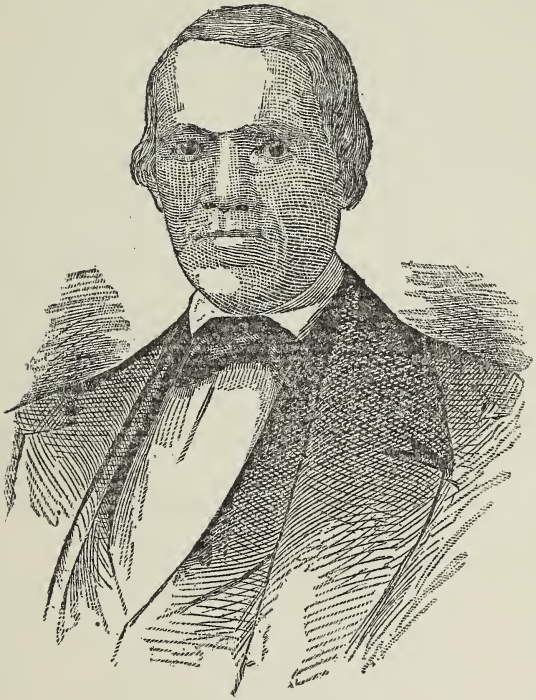
He had applied his powers of observation to the study of the peculiarities of every class of the great family of mankind—their humors, their prejudices and their passions, and to all these he knew how to appeal with exquisite propriety. He was a master of the rhetoric which casts a spell over deliberative bodies, as well as the rhetoric that stirs the masses to enthusiasm. With these formidable powers he had entered the convention at Boonville.

He rose and began the presentation of his place and people with the remark that as no one else appeared to want the college, he wished to make it clear to the convention that Liberty would take it with grateful thanks and would exert its best efforts to deserve the boon and to foster, sustain and upbuild the infant institution. Then followed a careful and discriminating eulogy of his constituency and the eligibility of Liberty as a proper place for planting a great seminary.

The entrant having been broken by Doniphan, the nomination of other places followed, with tasteful and appropriate commendations by the several speakers who presented their claims and their merits. At last came the offering of Boonville, which was gracefully and powerfully presented by her most eminent citizen, John G. Miller, whose career in Congress has shed luster upon the name of Missouri.

Just when the balloting was about to begin, Dr. William Jewell, of Columbia, Boone County, proposed to the convention an additional subscription of ten thousand dollars, to be paid in lands situated in Mercer, Sullivan and Grundy Counties, in the State of Missouri, the subscriber to have the corresponding number of votes on the question of the location of the college and the right to bestow a name upon the new

institution. This proposition was earnestly supported by the Boonville delegation and others, but was strongly opposed by General Doniphan and his allies. It was believed that Dr. Jewell was favorable to Boonville as the home of the college. Gen. Doniphan's opposition was most vigorous. He demonstrated the



injustice of permitting the votes which represented an arbitrary valuation of unimproved and uncultivated land to weigh against the votes of subscriptions which represented available funds. He kindled in the breasts of his allies the same ardor that burned in his own. The justice of his contention was recognized, his ar-

guments availed with a majority of the convention, and the proposition of Dr. Jewell was rejected.

Then came the balloting upon the choice among the places in nomination. An *entente cordiale* had long existed between the Counties of Howard and Clay. The territory of the latter was formerly a part of Howard County, and there were close family connections between them. Clay County had the largest subscription in the list, and Howard County the smallest. Under the influence of Doniphan, and the ties of friendship and consanguinity that bound the peoples together, Howard County made common cause with Clay, and the two joined made an absolute majority for Liberty, and the location was determined. In recognition of this liberality, and in evidence of the reciprocal good will and kindness toward each other, the President of the Board of Trustees of the College was for a long series of years chosen from among the Baptists of Howard County.

The deliberations of the convention, the discussions and the balloting, had occupied the entire day. After the selection of Liberty, the meeting adjourned until the morrow at ten o'clock.

After a night of repose, Doniphan arose with mental inspiration fit and ready for the labors of the new day. The work of the convention was to be appropriately closed by naming the college.

Nothing is more useful, nothing is more necessary, in the conduct of public affairs, than a just discernment of the spirit of our fellow-men. This means that natural private sagacity which is conversant about individuals, and enables some men with penetrating eye to look as it were into the heads and hearts of others, and to discover in them the latent principles which constitute their true characters. This part of human wisdom is of use everywhere, and with it the combination of peculiar circumstances is improved to the best advantage. Doniphan knew Dr. Jewell, he knew that his whole soul was stirred by an honorable desire for

literary distinction, and that he aspired to enroll his name among those who have shaped the fortunes of great institutions, and guided the course of mighty destinies. He desired that his name should be entered in a great arena as a noble candidate contending for a noble prize. Doniphan determined to contribute to the gratification of this honorable ambition, and lay these lofty sentiments under contribution for the welfare and promotion of the new institution which had just been ushered into existence, and found a home on the Western confines of the State. Doniphan prepared a careful, appropriate and tasteful resolution, which recited the labors of Dr. Jewell in the cause of liberal culture, his devotion to the interests of enlightened civilization, and proposed that the new seminary of learning should be baptized with the name of "William Jewell College." This resolution, in an early hour of the day, Doniphan privately and confidentially carried to the Rev. William C. Ligon, with instructions to offer it to the convention as soon as the session opened. No man was better fitted for the delicate task than Mr. Ligon. His speech was effective, tender and devoted, courteous, decorous and sympathetic, and profoundly expressed the sentiments of the convention and the large assemblage.

The motion for the adoption of the resolution was seconded by General Doniphan in a manner of surpassing charm and excellence, and in a style wherein the graces of colloquy and the graces of rhetoric were harmoniously blended. At no period of his life was his genius seen to greater advantage. The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the name of William Jewell was indelibly stamped upon the educational destiny of the Baptists of Missouri.

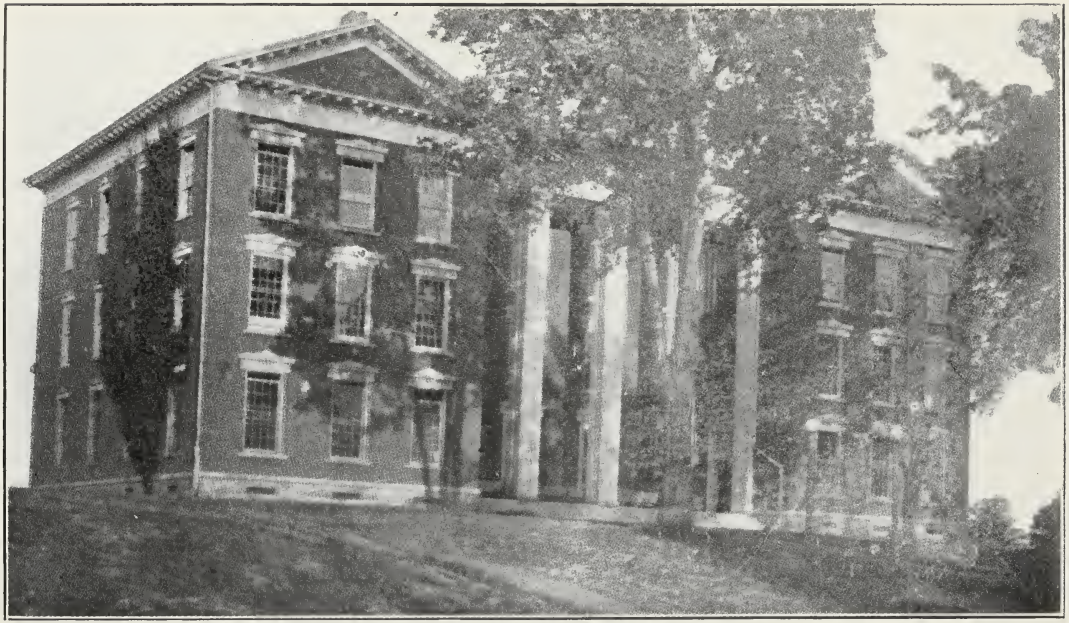
Overwhelmed with the gratifying evidence of the devotion of his people and the honors that crowned his life, Dr. Jewell was barely able to make his acknowledgements in the articulate tones of spoken language, but he gave visible evidence of an eloquence richer

than the richest words. He then and there made the noble gift of the lands he had offered on the first day of the convention. His other benefactions absorbed one-third of his entire fortune, an instance of unrivalled liberality without antecedent example, and without subsequent imitation. He afterward went to Liberty to give his services in the superintendence of the erection of the first large building that crowned the hill. In the midst of his labors, during the canicular days of a Missourian summer, he was stricken with a fatal fever, and consummated his devotion with the princely sacrifice of his life.

Thus was founded this great school. Thus was established this great college. Thus was planted the great seminary whose seeds are destined to sow vast fields which shall ripen into abundant harvests.

The college entered upon a career of varying fortunes and vicissitudes, but in the darkest hour of the gloom that sometimes enveloped its destiny, it was upheld by the faithful hands of heroic men and devoted women. Other chroniclers will tell of the labors of Roland Hughes, Oliver Perry Moss, Elizabeth Trigg Thornton, Wade M. Jackson, Caroline Thornton Moss, and R. E. McDaniel. Everything that could be effected by a courage that rose superior to privation and reverses, by fidelity even to martyrdom, and by a fortitude which death could subdue only by extinguishment, these indomitable spirits have done, and their triumph is here.

Recurring to the story of its birth and baptism and the struggles of its infancy, it is difficult to realize the superb attainments in the arts of life and learning which this institution today presents, and in view of its immediate usefulness and influence, the impulse to cast its horoscope cannot be resisted. The progress of knowledge has given birth, of late years, to arts and sciences so many and so varied that a man of liberal enlightenment finds here ample occupation for his time and talents in the acquisition of such as are most at-



WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE—JEWELL HALL.

tractive and most absorbing; and without a knowledge of these elegant and refined pursuits a man can scarcely pass muster in the informed circles of society. While there is no popular or royal road to the profound truths of learning and philosophy, the facilities for their acquisition are so great here that it is impossible to defend against the alluring invitation, especially in this new era of intellectual enterprise and vigor, and in this age distinguished above all others for the rapid development of the human faculties.

In a region of unsurpassed opulence, in a climate of unrivalled charm, salubrious and invigorating, midway between the oceans and in the heart of the continent, William Jewell College is dedicated to the high purpose of opening the youthful mind, purified and imaginative, to the influence of the moral affections, as well as the graceful humanities of enlarging the knowledge and increasing the power of the intellectual and physical man, of inculcating the lessons of gentle and ennobling virtue, of presenting lofty precepts and bright examples of liberality and magnanimity and pure taste, and of inducing men to love goodness, aspire to elegance, and improve at once the imagination, the understanding and the heart.

The great and increasing importance and the perennial growth of the institution is attracting a large share of the public interest. It has mounted to a high place among the eminent schools of the land, and there is none now to oppose the progress of its fame. There is reason to hope and believe that the riches of the harvest will correspond to the splendors of the present promise. Its position of proud distinction is a vindication of the sound and comprehensive views of the President of the Board of Trustees and its extension and its strength is a brilliant monument to the genius, the unrivalled common-sense and wisdom that has marked the twelve years of consecrated service rendered by Richard E. Turner in that important position. The enlightened plans and patriotic purposes that inform his

mind and heart and that of his worthy colleagues in the Board of Trustees united with the zeal, the wisdom and energy of Dr. J. E. Cook, as Trustee, Secretary of the Board, and Treasurer of William Jewell College, the learning and the magnetic influence of the distinguished President of the College, Dr. J. P. Greene, and the faculty that surround him, give assurance that its facilities and resources will be enlarged and widened until, growing older in years, but fresh in eternal youth, and immortal as the principles that gave it birth, it becomes so famed a seat of learning and influence as to induce to its portals ardent concourses of students, comparable in numbers to those which in former times flowed to Paris and Vienna, Padova, Upsal and Valencia.

The edifice in which were enacted the scenes which have been related still stands in Boonville. The very spot can be identified where the Rev. William C. Ligon stood to deliver his panegyric upon the life and character of William Jewell. The very seat can be indicated whence rose the tall form of Doniphan to pour the tide of his eloquence upon the ears of the intent assembly, as well as the place occupied by Dr. Jewell, when with faltering accents of sublime emotion, he expressed his gratitude for the action which was to make his name immortal. This was the inauguration of the first great enterprise which the writer of these lines has witnessed. He will never see another of so great import. The delegation returned to Liberty, they bore themselves with the dignity and moderation of considerate victors. Judge J. T. V. Thompson signalized his generosity by the gift of the land which is now crowned with noble edifices, fraught with the Orient spoil and the hoarded treasures of the learning of all ages. Doniphan went home, his brow adorned with that truly civic crown which far outshines the coronals of power and the laurels of conquest won upon ensanguined fields, and which can only be surpassed by those unfading garlands which await the champions of light and lib-

erty in the higher regions, in the loftier realms of mind and thought. Missouri does him appropriate honor.

> "Her waters murmur of his name,
> Her woods are peopled with his fame;
> Her smallest rill, her mightiest river,
> Roll, mingled with his fame, forever."

St. Louis in 1850: St. Louis, being only a pleasant hour's drive from Jefferson Barracks, is the constant resort of the younger officers when not on duty. It is probably the greatest army place in the United States. The young ladies there are most accomplished coquettes, and turn the heads and break the hearts of almost every Second Lieutenant who chances to come this way. In order to keep up appearances in this gay society, many of the young men, fresh from West Point, hypothecate or sell their pay accounts several months in advance; and are then compelled, when they join their companies at some out of the way post, to live as economically as possible, in order to replenish their exchequer.—*Journal of Army Life,* by R. Glisan.

HISTORIC HOMES IN MISSOURI.

The Berthold Mansion.

By S. M. D.

On the northwest corner of Broadway (formerly called Fifth Street), and Pine Street, was a two story brick mansion quite famous in the history of St. Louis. It was the center of many stirring events, and its broad expanse of roof sheltered many famous people. The Berthold Mansion, as it was always called, was a most stately and elegant house, and one of the best in St. Louis of that day. The halls led to wide verandas, upper and lower, supported by four large pillars, and the spacious rooms were arranged on either side. Surrounding the grounds was a stone wall surmounted by an iron fence, very much in the conventional style of that period, and as a part of them were, of course, the gardens—those wonderful gardens—the delight and pride of every French woman.

Broadway, which is now regarded as the extreme eastern boundary of the active business district of the city, was somewhat suburban in the day when Bartholomew Berthold spoke of building on this site.[1] His friends were amazed at first and then horrified, and said that to build so far out in the country was flying in the face of Providence; that his family would surely be murdered. But Mr. Berthold was not easily discouraged, and persevered in his plans. There he built and there his family lived for some years without any neighbors.

[1]This land was bought by Bernard Pratte from Ann Lucas Hunt, May 8, 1829, along with the remainder of the block, for $3,750.00. He, on May 13, 1829, conveyed the south half of the block to Mr. Berthold for the nominal consideration, as expressed in the deed, of $5.00; this part being bounded by Fifth, Pine and Sixth Streets.

BERTHOLD MANSION, N. W. COR. BROADWAY AND PINE ST.

MRS. W. L. EWING, MRS. WILLIAM WAGGAMAN, MISS TULIA BERTHOLD. (Standing on porch).
MRS. BARTHOLOMEW BERTHOLD, MRS. SYLVESTRE LABADIE, MR. AMEDÉE BERTHOLD. (Sitting on porch).
CLAIRE KENNEDY, MAJ. WAGGAMAN. (On steps).

The master of the house was a native of Trent in the Italian Tyrol. In 1798, when eighteen years old, he came to the United States as Secretary to Gen. Willot, who fled from France when Napoleon came into power. Young Berthold had fought with Gen. Willot against Napoleon's forces in the battle of Marengo, where he was wounded in the head. Soon after his arrival in America he was naturalized in Philadelphia and afterwards lived in Baltimore, which place he left in 1809 to come to St. Louis. On the 12th of January, 1811, Mr. Berthold married Pelagie Chouteau, the "Lone Woman," as the Indians called her, because she was the only daughter of Pierre Chouteau and Pelagie Kiersereau. The following year he joined with his brother-in-law, Pierre Chouteau, Jr., in the fur trade. This business association continued until his death in 1831; although in the latter years of Mr. Berthold's life they were associated with John Jacob Astor, John P. Cabanne, and Bernard Pratte under the name of American Fur Co.

Mr. Berthold was considered the most finished and accomplished merchant of his day in St. Louis. He was also a fine scholar and linguist, speaking French, Spanish, Italian and German with ease and fluency. When Gen. Lafayette visited St. Louis he had in his suite men of various nationalities, and Mr. Berthold was the only gentleman who could speak with ease and elegance the language suited to each distinguished guest.

In the foregoing picture are represented the wife and children of Mr. Berthold, excepting his sons Pierre, Auguste and Frederick. His son Frederick, married Virginia Sarpy, who is still living, the widow of Armand Peugnet. Madame Peugnet has a wonderful memory and recounts most vividly incidents of her early days. Pierre Alexander married Virginia Elizabeth Maclot. Clara became the wife of William L. Ewing, and Emelie married first, Dr. Alfred W. Ken-

nedy, U. S. A., and secondly Maj. William Waggaman. Auguste, Amedée and Miss Tulia Berthold died unmarried. Mrs. Sylvestre Labadie was Pelagie Chouteau, aunt of Mrs. Berthold. The little child in the picture is Claire Kennedy; she married Robert J. Lucas.

The Berthold mansion was the rendezvous for all the Creole families and was the scene of many festivities in the good old days. Here they came to meet their friend and adviser Cadet,[2] as Pierre Chouteau, Sr., was called by his friends and kinsmen. He himself lived far out on the prairie (now about St. Louis and Prairie Avenues), and almost every Sunday he came in from his farm to visit his daughter, Madame Pelagie Berthold, to receive his friends and play cards. It was here that the venerable man died in 1849, a victim of that dread disease, which almost depopulated the city—cholera.

Fifth St. in 1859 was beginning to become a business thoroughfare, and Madame Berthold moved out west on Olive St. The house was numbered 144 Olive St., but was between 9th and 10th Streets. The old mansion then became headquarters of the Douglas and Johnson party, and after the election of Lincoln was headquarters for a military organization called the "Minute Men," gotten up in opposition to the German military society which designated its members as the "Wide Awakes." The latter organization was stimulated by the excitement over secession, and the political differences existing in the city at that time. Then the old house was called "Fort Berthold," and was watched with a jealous eye by the political opponents. So when a flag was set flying therefrom, it provoked great excitement. If it was seriously dis-

[2]*Cadet* is a French word meaning the second or younger son. Many writers considering it the equivalent of our word *junior* have confused Pierre Chouteau I with his son Pierre. The latter also was known as Cadet, and for the same reason.

played as an emblem, it may be said that the first Southern partisan flag[3] set to the breeze in Missouri floated over the pillars of this old mansion on March 4th, 1861.

According to a newspaper of the following day, there was unusual excitement; large crowds of people congregated on Fifth Street, and some went so far as to say "that flag must come down." But no one seemed to have the audacity to pull it down. The Mayor was appealed to and he sent a letter to some of the Minute Men politely asking them to take it down. The article further says: "They gave him some encouragement that his wishes should be granted, but up to a very late hour last night 'Our flag was still there.' The vast crowd was kept swaying to and fro all the afternoon and evening, but they did no harm. A sentry passed back and forth on the balcony of the 'Berthold mansion,' but that was the only appearance of fighting we observed."

The Wide Awakes finally decided to storm the fort. But the Minute Men, placing a cannon in the door-way, dared any one to enter. No attack was made.

Soon after the War this interesting house gave way before the advance of business. On May 23rd, 1866,

[3]Strange as it may seem, there are many different descriptions of this flag. It was, of course, not the authorized flag of the Confederacy, for at that time none had been decided upon. That afternoon the Confederate Congress adopted the "Stars and Bars," but at this precise moment the Committee was doubtless considering the advice of Gov. Wise and others to use the Stars and Stripes, which he described as belonging to the states which "were upholding the Constitution."

Gen. Basil W. Duke, who, by virtue of being chairman of the "Military Committee of the Minute Men" had charge of the headquarters in the Berthold mansion (in a letter of April 21, 1914), gives the following account:

"My recollection of the flag hung out over the Berthold mansion is rather indistinct, but I remember that it was a green field, with a crescent and stars (and perhaps some other device) in yellow. It had indeed, no definite method or meaning, but was intended to signify Southern assertion and defiance, and seemed to be very readily accepted as such."

Capt. Joseph Boyce, a member of the St. Louis Grays, claims it

Mrs. Berthold leased the Fifth Street corner, at a rental of $7,020.00 per annum, to a Confectioner, and the old building was wrecked to make way for a business structure. In June, 1885, the corner of Fifth and Pine, running 58 feet north and 127 feet west, was sold by the heirs of Pelagie Berthold to Gerard B. Allen for approximately $127,000.00, and the remaining Fifth Street frontage of 58 feet was sold the following November by her executors to the St. Louis National Bank for $90,000. Thus one-half of the original Berthold tract sold for more than fifty times the price paid by Bernard Pratte for the whole block. Mr. Allen erected the present building, which is just now being partially wrecked and rebuilt.

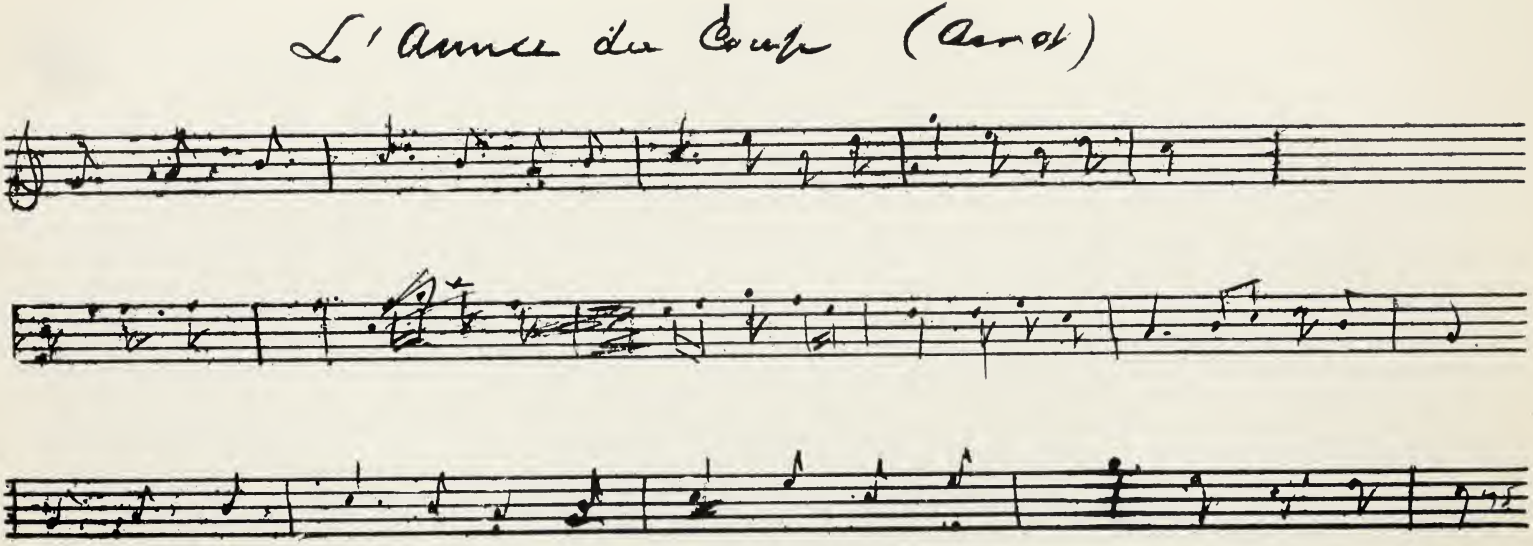
was pale blue and yellow with a crescent on it; that while it in no way resembled a Confederate flag it was intended as such.

Col. William Bull, a youthful member of the Minute Men, and in the building at the time, says it was the flag of a secret organization—the "Sons of Malta"; that it had been put out in the spirit of fun, and that there was no idea of fighting under it until the opponents threatened to tear it down.

Mr. J. White Kennett does not remember whether or not the flag belonged to a secret society; he recollects it as a red cross on a dark blue field.

The Missouri Republican of March 5, 1861, contains the following:

"Our citizens displayed much taste yesterday in the flag line. Quite a spirited competition was kept up between the parties whose only ambition seemed to be to hang out the oddest piece of cloth. The Union men, who have the State Convention under their special charge, flung to the breeze the time-worn Star Spangled banner. The Missouri Minute Men flaunted from their headquarters a singular piece of patch work. It reminded one very strikingly of a fancy patchwork quilt manufactured by a young miss of thirteen summers for the premium at a country fair. This quilt, however, we judge would not even be entered as a competitor for the second premium. If it was intended as a burlesque on the Palmetto flag it was a good one, but if the author and finisher of this cloth supposed he was making a genuine State's right Palmetto Southern Confederacy flag he is vastly mistaken. The ground work of this flag was nearly black; on one corner was a crescent, in the center a cross turned upside down and in the other corner a single star—a bad looking star—in fact the whole thing was ill-starred."



L'ANNÉE DU COUP (AIR OF).

HISTORY OF THE "CHANSON de L'ANNÉE du COUP."

By Wilson Primm.

Edited by William Clark Breckenridge.

Messrs. Editors:[1]

The following specimen of poetic ability in the early days of St. Louis, is nearly forgotten. The fact of its being in the French Language will not be an objection to its insertion in your columns, as I know that the language is vernacular to many of your best subscribers. Besides, its insertion may act as a *Reveille* upon the dormant memories of many old citizens, and induce them to furnish for your paper their recollections of *Paincourt*,[2] as our city was once named.

[1] From "*The Weekly Reveille*, St. Louis, Monday Morning, February 17, 1845." *The Reveille* was started by Keemle, Field & Co. as a daily newspaper in May, 1844, and on Monday morning, July 15, 1844, the first issue of *The Weekly Reveille* appeared. Its office was at No. 22 Olive Street (nr. Main). It was one of the best papers published up to that time in St. Louis. For five years the *Reveille* delighted St. Louis readers. Then on May 17, 1849, the Great Fire destroyed its office and plant and it passed out of existence. Its three editors and proprietors were men of unusual qualifications. They were:—Charles Keemle, a life long newspaper man of high ideals and of great personal popularity; Matthew C. Field, formerly assistant editor of the *New Orleans Picayune* and a poet of no mean ability, who had made a national reputation under the signature of "Phazma"; and Joseph M. Field, formerly a contributor to the *New Orleans Picayune*, then one of the most popular writers in the country and famous for his humorous sketches under the *nom de plume* of "Straws" which were widely reprinted. Judge Primm published in *The Reveille* a number of historical articles entitled "Old Times in St. Louis."

[2] In early days this town was by outsiders called "Paincourt," which in French literally means a loaf of bread that is short, of insufficient length, or of insufficient weight. This appellation may have been given it by way of retaliative derision, on account of the nicknames which the St. Louisans gave to other towns, such as

The following are the incidents connected with the versification:

In the month of May, in the year 1780, St. Louis was attacked[3] by a large number of Indians and Canadians. Notwithstanding the treachery of Fernando de Leyba, who was then acting Lieutenant Governor of Upper Louisiana, under the Spanish Government, the attacking party were repulsed—not, however, until after they had killed several of the most valuable inhabitants of the town; amongst others, the first "*American*"[4] who had ever been with them.

"Misere" to Ste. Genevieve, and "Videpoche" to Carondelet; but, in reality, it was the name of the parish in which the "post of St. Louis" was situated, as shown by official records of the Spanish government. In France there is still a parish of that name.

From *Origin of Old Local Names*, by Wilson Primm.

[3]For a detailed account of this attack see "History of St. Louis," by Wilson Primm, in *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, Volume IV, Number 2, pages 177-187 inclusive.

[4]This was Matthew Kennedy, whose signature is here given. He seems to have been the first American merchant west of the Mississippi. His was the first American or Irish name to be found of record in St. Louis. The record referred to is that of the suit of Madame Montardy against Michel Calas for slander; he is mentioned here as a witness, and, in giving his testimony, affirmed upon his word of honor. The date of this trial was June 23, 1770, at which time he was living with Pierre Montardy, the husband of the plaintiff. On April 4, 1771, he was in St. Louis and signed a bond (now in the possession of the Missouri Historical Society) before Lieutenant Governor Piernas. In this document he states that he resides ordinarily at Ste. Genevieve, that he is indebted to Antoine Berard, a merchant of the post of St. Louis, in the sum of 2100 livres in specie dollars, the balance of a sum of 3400 livres 15 sols loaned him by said Berard at New Orleans on September 7, 1770, to complete the outfit and cargo of the last boat he dispatched to this upper country. He had agreed to reimburse the said Berard on his arrival at Ste. Genevieve, but not being able to do so to this day, and being about to ship to the post of Arkansas 12000

After the attack had been repulsed, a courier express was sent by the inhabitants to the Governor General[5] of Louisiana at New Orleans, with information of the events which had just occurred. The courier was the bearer, likewise, of the piece of versification which I give you below; and tradition says, that the venerable schoolmaster[6] of the village, who composed it, received from the Governor General, in return, a handsome present.

I will merely add, that the verses were set to music,[7]

pounds of flour, he gives him a mortgage on it to secure this borrowed money. From this it appears that he was a merchant doing quite an extensive business in his day. Nothing more is known of Matthew Kennedy, except the fact of his killing by the Indians on May 26, 1780, the circumstances of which are described by Primm in his History of St. Louis. See *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, Volume IV, Number 2, page 186.

[5]This Governor General was Senor Don Bernardo de Galvez. "Don Bernardo de Galvez was appointed governor of Louisiana in 1777. He was at that time only 21 years of age, but his uncle Don Joseph de Galvez was one of the most powerful nobles of Spain—secretary of state and president of the council of the Indies, and his father Don Mathias de Galvez was viceroy of Mexico. This no doubt accounts for his appointment. When Spain declared war against England in 1779, Galvez made active preparations for the conquest of East and West Florida, a scheme the practicability of which Col. Geo. Morgan had urged upon him before this time. He captured Baton Rouge, Manchac, Natchez and afterwards Mobile and Pensacola—in fact drove the English out of both Floridas. This brilliant campaign secured him the rank of lieutenant-general. He was decorated with the cross of the Order of Charles III, made a count and received the commission of captain general of the province of Louisiana and the Floridas. In 1785 he was also appointed captain general of Cuba, and upon the death of his father viceroy of Mexico. He died at the age of 38, while viceroy of Mexico. In New Orleans, November 2, 1777, he married Felicitas de St. Maxent, a daughter of the partner of Laclede. His predecessor, Don Louis de Unzaga, also married a St. Maxent. Don Pedro Piernas served under him in his campaign against the English in Florida. Galveston Bay was so named in honor of this family."

From Houck's *Spanish Regime in Missouri*, Volume I, page 135, note 3.

[6]Jean Baptiste Trudeau.

[7]The air and words of this Chanson are written by Wilson Primm as sung by his mother and grandmother, so there is no doubt of

and, for years afterwards, and until the inhabitants, by intermixture with the "*Americans,*" laid aside or forgot their old habits, customs and reminiscences, were sung by all, with the same spirit and zest that a Frenchman sings the Marseillaise.

CHANSON de L'ANNÉE du COUP.

Le Gouverneur.

Courrier, qu'y a-t-il de nouveau?
Tu parais troublé du cerveau:
Les Illinois sont—ils conquis?
Les Anglais ont-ils pris le pays?
Tu parais tout déconcerté;
Quel grand malheur est arrivé?

Le Courrier.

Grand Général, tout est perdu.
S'il n'est promptement secouru:
Nous avons été attaqués,—
Nous sommes encore menacés;
Beaucoup de monde ont été tués,
Sans pouvoir secours leur donner.

Quand l'ennemi a paru,
Aux armes chacun a couru:
Habitans, bourgeois, jolis gens,
Vous vous battrez vaillamment—
Mais la défense a été donnée
De ne point sortir des tranchées.

Le Gouverneur.

Que faisaient—ils en ce moment:
Etaient-ils tous sans sentiment?
N'aviez-vous pas ce grand Leyba,
Et ce fameux Cartabona;
Aussi bien que vôtre Major,
Et toute la garde du fort?

their accuracy. The notes for this tune were preserved in his handwriting, in an old scrap book and the reproduction here given was made direct from that old sheet of music.

Que faisaient-ils en ce moment,
Etaient-ils tous sans sentiment?
Revenez, canaille, revenez!
De long-temps vous ne nous surprendrez!
Nous avons dans nôtre rempart,
Pour conserver nôtre étendard,
Un Commandant brave et prudent,
Qui vous étrillera vaillamment!

Calvé, ce petit chaudronnier,
Se croirait-il brave guerrier,
Pour avoir fait assassiner
Son neveu, pauvre infortuné?
Pour voir ses parens, ses amis
Abandonnés, dans la prairie,
A des barbares pleins de furie?

Canadiens, sans coeur, sans honneur,
Faites égorger vos frères, vos soeurs;
Vous vous êtes ensuite échappés
Par une fuite précipitée.

We give, below, a free translation[8] of this, perhaps, *father* of all Western poems. Shades of *"le grand*

[8]Translation made by Joseph M. Field one of the editors and proprietors of *The Weekly Reveille.*

Joseph M. Field was of English descent, born in Dublin, Ireland in 1810. Son of Matthew Field a leading Catholic of Dublin who emigrated to Baltimore, Maryland in 1812, where he became a publisher and brought out the first Catholic almanac in this country. His father dying in early life, Joseph M. Field's opportunities of acquiring an education were limited. In his earliest youth he went upon the stage and became a great favorite as an actor, excelling in light comedy. During the greater part of his career, he was with the companies managed by N. M. Ludlow and by Ludlow and Smith. On Monday night, July 13, 1835, he made his first appearance in St. Louis playing the title role in Richard III; and on September 28, 1835, his future wife, Miss Eliza Riddle, came before the St. Louis public for the first time. They were married at St. Louis, Missouri in October 1837, and both of them continued their connection with the stage; Mr. Field until his death, and Mrs. Field until her final return to the East in 1856. In May, 1844, he associated himself with his brother Matthew C. Field, and Charles Keemle in editing and publishing the *St. Louis Reveille.* After

Leyba," and *"fameux Cartabona"!* it is not the first time that your rest has been disturbed by the *Reveille.*

BALLAD OF THE YEAR OF THE SURPRISE.

Governor.

Courier, say, what is the news
That seems thy fancies to confuse?
What! have we lost the *Illinois?*
The English—do they the land enjoy?
Down-hearted, thus! speak, courier, say
What great misfortune has happen'd, I pray?

Courier.

Oh, General, General, all is lost,
If not redeemed with speed and cost;
We've been by savages attacked—
They threaten us, still, by others backed:
Ever so many, alas, were killed—
Unable to aid them,—with grief we're filled.

When the enemy first appeared,
To arms we ran, no one afeard;
Townsmen, traders, grave and gay,
Bravely to battle and win the day;

the destruction of its plant by fire, he went back to the stage and later on became the first manager and principal stockholder of "Field's Varieties" which opened on May 10, 1852, but he did not make a success of this venture. This theater was built on the site of what was later known as De Bar's Opera House and was located on the south side of Market Street between Fifth and Sixth Streets. His last venture was as manager of a company of his own at Mobile, Alabama, where on the morning of June 28, 1856, he died suddenly of pneumonia. His remains were taken to Boston and buried in the family lot in Mount Auburn. He was the author of many plays, some of which were brought out with great success. Under the pseudonyms of "Straws" and "Everpoint" he made a name for himself as a writer of short sketches of a humorous nature. Joseph M. Field was a poet, an actor, a playwright, a journalist, and a theatre-manager. He was cursed with a fatal versatility—too richly endowed, indeed, in various lines, for that concentration upon any single line, which is the condition of special success. He was the father of Kate Field, who was beyond a doubt the foremost woman journalist the United States has as yet produced.

But, by command, we were forbid
To quit the trench where our ranks were hid.

Governor.

What did they in that moment—then?
Lacked they, all, the souls of men?
What! had ye not the great Leyba!
Where was the famous Cartabona;
Your Major![9] where was he, as well;
The Garrison, too, your force to swell?

[9]This was Pierre François d' Haute-mer de Volsey a Chevalier of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, who bore the Spanish title of "Ayudante del Teniente de Gobernador." The poet's use of the title "Major" seems justified as his successor to this office, Antoine Pierre Soulard, is referred to by Governor De Lassus as "Adjutant Major."

Pierre François d' Haute-mer de Volsey was the son of Louis Joseph d' Haute-mer de Volsey, Captain of Infantry in the French service, and of his wife Louise de Coné de Lusignan. He was born in 1730 in the Parish of St. Sulpice, Paris. Apparently he entered the army at an early age and worked his way up through the various grades, but the date of his coming to America is not known. The church records of the Parish of Ste. Anne de Fort Chartres show that he was married in that church on January 9th, 1758 to Elizabeth de Villiers daughter of Chevalier François Coulon de Villiers, *Capitaine d'une Compagnie detachée de la Marine*, and of his wife Elizabeth St. Ange, who was the sister of Governor Louis de St. Ange de Bellerive. This marriage turned out unhappily—Madame de Volsey's dissolute life being a sore scandal to the good people of Upper Louisiana, where such conduct as hers in that day was not only rare but excessively so. After forgiving her desertion of him in 1772 and taking her back, de Volsey was finally forced to divorce her on account of her flagrant misconduct with René Kiercereau *dit* Renaud. This proceeding for a dissolution of his marriage ties was begun before Governor Cruzat on September 11th, 1777 and a decree was granted him on August 21st, 1779 by Governor de Leyba. This was the first divorce case in St. Louis.

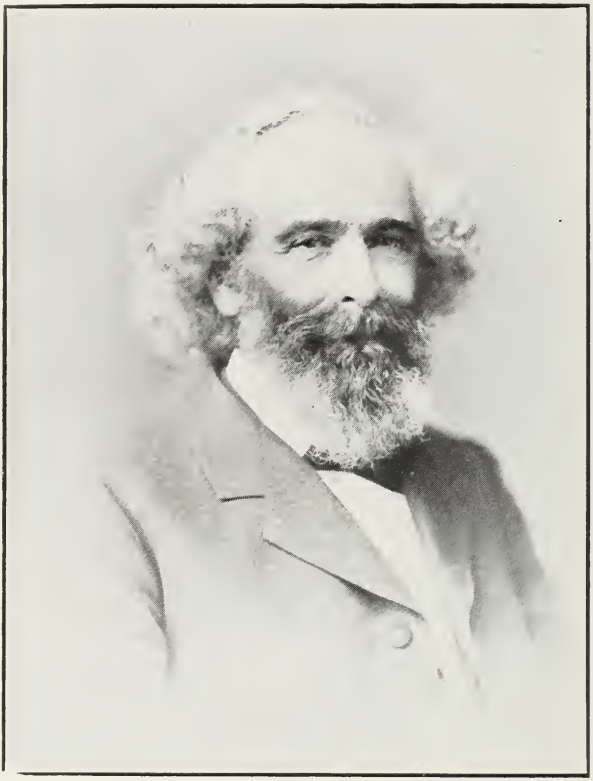
Records show that on September 9, 1765 Captain de Volsey was Commandant of the Post of Cahokia and that when St. Ange withdrew from Fort Chartres on October 23, 1765, and crossed over the river to St. Louis, Captain de Volsey accompanied him. From this time on, with the exception of a two years' furlough (from 1774 to 1776) when he visited France on business, he was on military duty at St. Louis until his death on September 28th, 1795. Captain de Volsey was a brave, capable and efficient officer, but in his later years became a hard drinker.

Oh, that moment! what did they, then?
Lacked they, all, the souls of men!
Homeward cravens, come ye back;
Long have we feared your course, alack!
Here we've at least, within our wall,
To watch our standard—prevent its fall,
An officer prudent, bold and wise,
Who'll valiantly guard you against surprise.

Calvé, the petty tinkering knave!
Called he himself a warrior brave!
Yet saw his nephew slain, alas!—
Kinsmen and friends on the prairie grass,—
Helpless, abandoned, to meet their fate
From the savages' fierce and furious hate!

Heartless Canadians! 'Twas their deed!
Brothers and sisters, you saw them bleed!
Cut-throats exult in your acts of night,
And, coward-like, safety seek in flight.

St. Louis in 1867: "In no American city, not even in Cincinnati, although more Germans, in proportion live there than in St. Louis, have I found the German element so preponderant. This is best illustrated, perhaps, by an anecdote which is told of a comptroller, a German, who one day exclaimed, 'I must put up a notice in my office with the word, Here English is spoken; for the Americans no longer trust themselves here among so many Germans.'"—*Neue Reisen,* Friederich Gerstäker, Ch. IV.



Theodor Bush

SKETCH OF ISIDOR BUSH.

By Jacob Furth.

This sketch is intended to be a tribute to one whom it was my pleasure to know and to honor for many years. I am free to admit that many of my ideals, many of my actions, and, above all, many of my convictions and conceptions are largely due to the teachings of this great and good man.

The story of his life will fill many an important page in the history of our country, our State, our city and our people. Modest and unassuming though he was, he could not help being recognized as a leader of thought. Without the advantage of physical development he commanded the respect and admiration of those who came in contact with him, and this respect and admiration grew as he became better known.

Strong in his faith and loyal to the traditions of his ancestors, he was what might be termed a citizen of the world; no creed, no sect, no country, no party could wholly claim him. He was an advocate of justice, freedom and tolerance. He was one to whom distress might prefer its suit; to whom the wrongs, the tribulations and the vicissitudes of others appealed intensely. He was a father to the fatherless; a humanitarian and a lover of men in the broadest and noblest sense of the term.

The dignity of labor found in him a powerful advocate; the rights of the oppressed found in him a fearless champion. He lived respected and he died regretted, mourned by thousands. The individuality of his work is indelibly impressed upon the legislation, the history and the achievements of his time and generation.

Born in the city of Prague, the capital of Bohemia, on January 15th, 1822, he died August 5th,

1898, in the City of St. Louis, where he had lived since 1849.

When he was about seven years old he was seriously injured and almost crippled for life as the result of burns received at a conflagration.

As was the custom among the well-to-do people of those times, he attended neither school nor college but received his education at the hands of private tutors. At an early age he made the acquaintance of and became quite friendly with some of the most noted Jewish scholars of his time.

In 1837, when but fifteen years of age, his family removed from Prague to Vienna and there established a printing house. He applied himself with energy to the business and soon developed a taste for literature. The firm of Von Schmit & Bush became one of the largest publishing houses of its kind in the world and issued many new and elegant editions of Bibles, Talmud and other Hebrew works.

In 1842 he published the "Jahrbuch Fuer Israeliten," which numbered among its contributors some of the most eminent Jewish writers of the time, though of widely different dogmatic views.

On May 7th, 1844, Isidor Bush married Theresa Taussig. At the breaking out of the revolution in March, 1848, he became zealously active in the advancement of this cause. He was a Liberal in politics and the failure of the movement compelled him, as it compelled so many others who espoused the cause of republican principles, to seek safety in flight. He sought refuge and found it in the land that has been the haven of refuge to the oppressed of all nations, that vouchsafes liberty and the right of individual thought to all; that has been and, I hope always will be, the home of the brave and of the free; our own glorious country, the United States of America.

On January 8th, 1849, he arrived in the City of New York with his wife and child. He opened a small stationery store at 411 Grand Street in that City

and on March 30th, 1849, issued the first number of a German Jewish paper known as "Israel's Herald." This was the first Jewish weekly published in the United States. The enterprise was unsuccessful and had to be given up after three months of hard struggle.

In 1849 Isidor Bush removed to St. Louis where he continued to reside the remainder of his life. With Charles Taussig he opened a general store at Carondelet (South St. Louis), which business was continued for about six years.

In 1853 his Father joined him and subsequently the firm of Bush & Taussig was established in the wholesale grocery business. In 1857 he was elected President of the Peoples' Savings Bank which office he held until 1863.

Following the election of President Lincoln and the secession of a number of southern states from the Union, a State Convention having been called for the purpose of taking the State of Missouri out of the Union, he was nominated and elected a member of this Convention on the Union ticket. The Convention deposed the Governor and the Legislature of the State, established a provisional Government for Missouri and the State was saved to the Union. The Convention met from time to time for about three years and Isidor Bush was chosen a member of a committee of nine, one from each Congressional District, to whom the most important matters were referred.

In 1861 General John C. Fremont being in command of the Western Department with headquarters at St. Louis, he invited Isidor Bush to become a member of his staff and he became aid-de-camp with the rank of captain. He resigned this position in November of that year.

He submitted to Salmon P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, a plan for a popular Government loan which, while favorably reported by the depart-

ment, failed to receive the sanction and endorsement of Secretary Chase. Bush received a Government position which, however, he soon resigned to accept the position of General Freight and Passenger Agent of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad, which position he held for three years.

In 1864 he was elected a member of the State Convention called in that year for the purpose of passing an ordinance for the emancipation of the slaves in Missouri and for disfranchising those who had taken up arms against the Government. This Convention framed a State Constitution which was adopted against the strong opposition of the minority, which included Isidor Bush.

The wisdom of his views was borne out by the consequences, which resulted in the removal of the dominant party from power and the repeal of the constitution in 1875. Bush received many tempting political offers but he declined them all except the position of membership in the Missouri State Board of Immigration. He accepted this position because he was then engaged in work of a similar character, having been for nearly twelve years president of the German Immigrant Aid Society of St. Louis.

In 1868 he retired from the office which he held with the Iron Mountain Railroad Company and devoted himself to vine culture. He established nurseries upon a tract of land which he had acquired at a point about twenty miles south of St. Louis, now known as Bushberg. He did business there under the firm name of Bush & Son & Meissner. He also established a wholesale wine and liquor business at St. Louis under the firm name of Isidor Bush & Co. He devoted a great deal of time and study to vine culture and his Bushberg Catalogue, a Grape Manual, became so well and so favorably known that it was translated into many languages, and his writings on the subject of vine culture are recognized as valuable

contributions and brought him, not only fame and glory, but also substantial financial returns.

Isidor Bush became an acknowledged authority and was recognized by men like Marshall P. Wilder, President of the American Pomological Society, P. Barry, Vice-President of the American Pomological Society, William Saunders, Superintendent of the Experimental Station, United States Department of Agriculture, Robert Manning, Secretary Massachusetts Agricultural Society, Prof. P. J. Burrill, President of the Illinois Industrial University, and many other leading men of this and foreign countries. In a letter to him dated Denison, Texas, Sept. 1, 1883, Prof. T. V. Munson writes as follows: "I think your modesty in simply calling it a Catalogue does this great work an injustice. It is a most complete and valuable treatise on American Grapes."

Isidor Bush was a mathematician of no ordinary degree. He devoted a great deal of his time to actuarial work and became well known throughout the country as a Life Insurance Actuary. As such he was officially connected with the German Life Insurance Company of this City.

In 1878 he published the pamphlet "Fraternal Endowment" which, together with his magazine and newspaper articles on the subject and his reports as Chairman of the Covenant Endowment Fund of the Independent Order B'Nai B'Rith, constitute important contributions to the study and history of Fraternal Endowments. Not only in his writings but in his intercourse with mankind and particularly with the unfortunate of his own Faith, a peculiar kindness and affability was discernible at all times. As was said of his descriptions of the great number of American wines, so it may also be said that in contact with his fellow men he was,

"To all their faults a little blind,
To all their virtues very kind."

He framed the Endowment Law of District No. 2,

Independent Order B'Nai B'Rith but refused to become a beneficiary under it. After having paid his assessments, he designated that his Endowment be paid to the Lodge for the benefit of such poor members who may not be financially able to pay their Endowment dues.

The great institution on the shores of Lake Erie, the world-wide known and celebrated Jewish Orphan Asylum, Districts Nos. 2, 6 and 7 Independent Order B'Nai B'Rith, was loved by him as he loved his own family and it was duly remembered in his will.

Mr. Bush was for many years an active and enthusiastic member of the Missouri Historical Society. In 1882, he was chosen Vice-President and served in that capacity until he declined re-election. He rendered to the Society much valuable service, and he was second to none as a wise counselor.

During the latter years of his life his physical infirmities became more and more marked, his sufferings increased until, on the morning of the 5th of August, 1898, the heart which beat in love for all mankind was stilled and he joined the silent majority.

His funeral took place at two o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, August 7th, 1898. Brief services having been conducted at the house in which he died the remains were taken to Temple Shaare Emeth where public services were held and the funeral oration delivered by Rev. Doctor Samuel Sale, the minister of that congregation. Mr. Samuel Bowman, representing District Grand Lodge No. 2, Independent Order B'Nai B'Rith, delivered an address in behalf of that Order and District.

The remains were interred in the Bush family lot in Bellefontaine Cemetery with Masonic ceremonies.

By his will the executors of his estate, Jacob Furth, Frank Block and Raphael Bush, his son, were directed to execute numerous charitable bequests in keeping with the high ideals, the character and life work of Isidor Bush.

JACQUES TOUTANT BEAUREGARD.

INSTRUCTIONS OF JACQUES TOUTANT BEAUREGARD TO HIS SON CONCERNING A VOYAGE TO THE ILLINOIS, 1779.[1]

Translated by Nettie Harney Beauregard.

1779, March 25.

Instructions, which I Jacques Toutant Beauregard, give to my son Élie Toutant Beauregard, to be observed upon a voyage which he is to make to the Illinois.

1—You will do your utmost to reach the Illinois; at St. Louis, where the Commandant lives, you will unload.

2—You will endeavor to remain with Mr. Perrault,[2] to whom I have written, asking him to give you every assistance in his power; follow all advice which he will be able to give you.

3—Upon reaching there, you will at once unload your boat, and put the cargo in storage, sending me back the boat as soon as possible, as I am paying forty piastres a month for it.

4—When you have arranged all of your cargo in the warehouse, you will sell nothing except what you have taken [with you?]. Pay attention to everything which happens in Spanish and English Illinois.

5—In case you should find that the Americans have issued a great deal of paper which they use as money, you will see the Commandant and in the course of conversation find out if for this same paper he gives letters of exchange on the State of Virginia or upon Congress; and whether these letters of exchange are paid in money or by other letters of exchange on Eu-

[1] For the original text of this document the Society is indebted to Mrs. Felicité Gayoso de Lemos Tennent of New Orleans, a descendant of M. Elie Toutant Beauregard.

[2] This is M. Louis Perrault, at that time a prominent merchant of St. Louis.

rope. Should he tell you that such is the case, you will thereupon, sell your entire cargo for these papers, provided there should be a good profit in the sale, at least 100 per cent more than in selling for peltries.[3] You can sell directly to the Commandant or to individuals if it is more advantageous, without ever divulging your intention.

6—As soon as your sales are made, you will immediately arrange with the Commandant for an escort either to Virginia or to the Congress, which ever place he indicates that your paper should be paid you; then notify me of the transaction as early as possible. You will take with you the mulatto Jean; take good care that no harm befalls him, and you will bring him back with you.

7—When you have reached either one of these places, you must do your best to have the paper which

[3] It appears that M. Beauregard sold his merchandise for both peltries and paper. On 14 Sept. 1779, he turned over to Colonel John Todd peltries to the amount of $21,000 (the printed copy of the account uses the character £, but it seems to be an error) and $10,000 in paper, and received therefor drafts on Virginia for $30,000.

Mr. Jefferson writing to Colonel Todd, 19 March 1780, says:—

"The expenses attending the support of our troops in Illinois has obliged us to call them all to the South side of the Ohio, where our paper money is current. Hard money is not to be got here, and we find the difficulty of sending commodities to New Orleans very great. The Draughts presented from yourself and Colonel Clarke on Pollock, those presented us by Le Gras and Lintot, others for about 50,000 dollars presented by a Mr. Nathan from the Havannah, who took them up at the hard money price, have rendered us bankrupt there—for we have no means of paying them. Mr. Brusegard's [Beauregard] bill for $30,000 will be on a footing with these. We will accept it, promise payment, and make it —as soon as we shall be able."

A report of the Board of Commissioners for the settlement of Western Accounts, dated 17 February 1783, shows that M. Beauregard's draft was still unpaid, and the commissioners suggest that since the peltries for which it was given were bought with depreciated paper money, at a little more than five and a half for one, that the draft should be taken up at the above discount. Whether the draft was ever paid is uncertain. See Chicago Historical Society's, *Early Chicago and Illinois*, pp. 314, 348, 357.

you receive in payment from the said State or Congress made upon Paris or upon some other French city; in this case, you will go on to Bordeau to the address of Messrs. Montête, Henry & Company and endorse it to their order, to my account.

8—Be careful to see that you are given a couple of duplicates of these said letters of exchange, that you may send me one, but always keep one, which you must never give up.

9—If, instead of giving you the paper of which I speak, they should propose giving you only merchandise, such as grain, for payment, saying that they refuse to pay in any other way, you will tell them, if such is the case, that you have no use for this grain and that they may give you a receipt which will bear interest and can be paid when I send boats to that part of the country, which will be as soon as their affairs are settled with Europe, when it will be possible to reach them without risk; or rather, if I am to send, for that reason I ought to be master, and they must bind themselves to place the grain to my account, or in case of my death, to my childrens' account, together with the interest which shall accumulate, until such time as they shall furnish the said grain.

10—You will have a contract drawn up according to law, for the amount which you will deliver to them, according to my instructions to you in the preceding articles, and this, you will make out in my name for my account and that of friends; mine is the only name which must appear, though you will be master to act as you think best, on account of your fifth interest which I have granted you in your outfit. After having deducted a fifth of the expenses which should be your share as a consequence of your one-fifth interest according to agreement.

11—As I understand, there is paper at the Illinois, of the Congress and of the Province of Virginia; if you are in a position to take some, I should advise that you take all of one kind, giving the preference

to that of Congress, in which case, you will go directly to Congress and claim the reimbursement, as I have told you above and in other places.

12—I have also been informed, that on the Ohio River, [*"La Belle Rivière"*], there are posts inhabited by the Americans, where I am assured, one could sell very advantageously for this paper; in regard to this, you might get some information, acting upon which you might go there on your expedition with your entire cargo, or part of it, according to whatever you think advisable.

13—If in these places, you find that it is easy to obtain peltries for Tafia [a sort of liquor], and that it would be easy to send them here, through the Illinois country without risk, you might take part of it that way. Should it be necessary that I send you a second cargo, your prospects must appear advantageous and sure.

14—Should you find that the paper is discredited and that there is a considerable advantage in having merchandise, with which to gather much of it, you could, in this case, buy two thousand piastres worth of merchandise, and draw upon me for this amount at one month's sight; but you will only make this transaction, in the event that you go at once to Congress or to Virginia and that I shall not be required to make a second expedition.

15—When you will have made all of these transactions, you will assuredly be questioned as to your intentions; you will reply at once that you find no profit in selling for peltries and that you have decided to take this paper, in order to close the deal.

16—In all your travels, through New England, you will try to incur only the unavoidable expenses, and [pay] in the Congress paper; in case that you should not have the necessary funds to bring you back, whether it be by sea or *via* the Cape, or Havana, and you should need money, you could draw six hundred piastres on Messrs. Riviere and Chevally at the Cape,

or on your brother Toutant in Havana, if this be impossible, draw on Mr. Annis administrator of Couriers. I shall notify them accordingly, but draw only what you cannot possibly do without. Should you return by sea, send Jean back *via* the Illinois, unless peace has been declared, as I do not wish to risk his being captured by the English.

17—If the Congress gives you letters of exchange on France or Spain, and you should wish to go in person to demand payment, you could do so, by taking advantage of the first good opportunity which presents itself; in this case you would send me Jean *via* the Illinois with a passport from the Congress, and send me a duplicate copy of all transactions to the address of Mr. Perrault, or in his absence to his son,[4] whom you will ask to send me the mulatto with the letters, at the first opportunity.

18—Should you decide to go to France yourself, be sure to endorse the letters of exchange, in order that they may remit to you those which you have sent without waiting for an order from me; of this I should be notified as soon as possible that I may have time to give orders to that effect. You shall await my further orders at Bordeau, care of Messrs. Montête, Henry & Co. or at Mr. Lafitte Cadet's.

19—If it appears to you feasible to act as I have suggested, in article 9th of these instructions, you should stipulate in the contract that they must furnish the cargo for the boats which I shall send, fifteen days after their arrival, otherwise they must pay demurrage of said ships to the amount of twenty-five piastres a day until the day of departure of said ships, after they are fully loaded with grain of their country, but of my selection.

20—Better to succeed, you will make them appreci-

[4] Joseph Francois Perrault, son of Louis Perrault. He undertook to make a journey to Virginia to collect on some of this paper money, but was captured on the way by Indians and never reached his destination.

ate all the services which I have rendered to them, or I should say, the Congress, in assisting their agent here, the Sr. Pollock, in every way possible, as far as was in my power, all of which he must have informed them, especially in the letter which you bear from him to the Congress.

21—If, contrary to my expectations, you should not succeed in reaching the Congress or Virginia and should be obliged to sell your cargo in the Illinois, you must sell only to reliable people, that you may be sure of your payment, in case you are compelled to sell on credit.

22—Should you go to *La Belle Rivièré* you might unload your cargo, and derive greater advantages by selling for cash, thus preventing any difficulty about payment with the inhabitants of that place.

23—If you should ask me for another cargo, and should foresee that you will be in no hurry for it; you will have a boat made for me, which you will send me, loaded with peltries or flour, if that be possible, for our account; to insure success you might proceed as I have directed you in article 14 of the present.

24—If contrary to expectations neither of my suggestions meet with success, I leave it all to the experience which you will have acquired on the spot, to conduct the undertaking according to circumstances which will arise. But you must pay careful attention to everything, and use more prudence than risk in all of these affairs of yours; and should you be obliged to make your sales (in the Spanish parts) you will sell, as I told you for cash, or if you sell on credit see that it be to reliable parties; or, do not sell at all rather than run any chances.

25—Write to me at every opportunity and send me account of sales and specify in said account the nature of the sale, whether it be for cash or credit, likewise send me accounts of your expenses up to the time of writing.

26—Be careful to keep an exact record of all your

LOUISE PALMIER MYERS.

Great-grand-daughter of Madame Angelique Chauvin Beaulieu.

accounts whether of sales or expenses incurred, and on what account.

You will keep separate accounts and mark on each the date on which you send it to me, that I may know the state of your affairs.

This present writing, is made in duplicate, for use in case it should be needed.

JACQUES TOUTANT BEAUREGARD.

New Orleans, March 25, 1779.

MADAME BEAULIEU; A COLONIAL DAME.

BY ADELINE PALMIER WAGONER.

There can be no more fitting time than now [1912] just after the fete celebration of the Holy Family Catholic church of Cahokia, the oldest house of worship in the central Mississippi Valley, to give a sketch of one of its most devout members.

Born in the little village of St. Philippe, where lived her father, Jean Baptiste Chauvin, a subaltern officer of Ft. Chartres, Mlle. Angelique Chauvin early acquired a bravery and dignity that placed her in the front rank of women of her time and place. Hers was an opportunity given to few, in those pioneer days, of being sent to Quebec for knowledge and graces that did much to make her the historic character of Cahokia she afterwards became. About 1760, Jean Baptiste Chauvin and family moved to Cahokia, where Mlle. Chauvin, on completing her convent education, returned and married Michel Beaulieu, *dit* Palmier. Jacques Chauvin, a brother, married Mlle. Louise Michelle, *dit* Tayon, and came with his wife's family to St. Louis after the transfer of Illinois in 1765; later settling on a Spanish Grant, just across the river from St. Charles, where he died in 1826. There is little doubt in my mind after deep investigation, though no

proof, so many records having been lost, that Jean Baptiste Chauvin was the son of Nicholas Chauvin (called La Frenière) one of the famous Canadian brothers, visited by Charlevoix, and whose names figure most prominently in the pioneer history of the Mississippi Valley. Another brother of Nicholas was called De Lery and, strange to say, the third one of the Chauvin brothers was known as Beaulieu.

History tells us that first came the missionaries, then prominent French families to Cahokia, among them the Beaulieus, descended from Pierre Palmier (or Parmier *dit* Beaulieu) of St. Sulpice, Paris, and his wife, Jeanne Deunant, whose son Michel, a voyageur, born 1700, was married at Montreal, June 30, 1733, to Marie Marguerite Roy, widow of Vincent Matthieu Guay, and their son Michel Joseph, born April 10, 1734, married Angelique Chauvin about 1760. Michel Joseph Beaulieu (*surnom* Palmier) was no less prominent than his wife. He was a judge of Clark's Court, in the records of which his name appears frequently up to the time of his death late in the year 1780. He was also Captain of the first regularly organized American militia of Illinois.

In a petition of the people of Cahokia to M. Mottin de la Balme, pensioner of the King of France, asking protection from the Virginia Troops' ill treatment of them, "Captain Michel Beaulieu, a mill owner, was the only Cahokian who exposed himself to their violence and fury, and against whom they have not dared to exercise their cruel tyranny. We are still doubtful whether fear or shame restrained them."

Mme. Beaulieu seems to have had the proverbial widow's troubles, and was compelled to resort to the Court for the protection of her rights.

In 1782 she brought suit against M. Antoine Harmand for the sum of fourteen hundred *livres* in peltries which had been long owing to her. The defendant answered that he was unable to pay because of the impossibility of finding peltries, and that even if he

sold all of his property it would not be sufficient to make up the said sum. The Court ordered him to make some arrangement with Madame Beaulieu. He thereupon entered into an agreement with M. Trottier, whereby M. Trottier assumed the payment of his debt.

Another suit in which she was complainant, and in which a number of the citizens of Cahokia took part with her, is of sufficient interest to deserve notice.

In February, 1786, she presented the following petition to the Court:

"The Widow Beaulieu, Plaintiff, vs. Antoine Girardin, Defendant.

To MM., the Magistrate and President, holding the Court of the District of Cahokia:

Madame Beaulieu, widow, has the honor to show you that for the space of 23 years or more she has been proprietor of a sugar farm, conceded to her by MM., the Missionaries, from whom she has all the title deeds therefor; and that some months ago when M. Girardin presented himself at your Court, to demand it from you anew, you granted it to him on the misinformation which he made to you; and that I and also several citizens of this village, having had knowledge of this and judging that this could only be prejudicial, we have shown M. Girardin that he could not take away a property which belonged to us so legitimately. He resisted us, saying that we were too ignorant to judge of that and that he knew the extent of the seigniory (of the Mission) better than any inhabitant living in the village, etc. M. Girardin had forbidden us ever to go to the sugar farm and said if necessary to move to extremities he would fight and prefer to be killed on the spot and would make no reserve in dealing with rascals. Madame Beaulieu said it was no question of destroying oneself, that they would submit to justice. M. Girardin replied he was unwilling to be judged by any citizen of the place, as they were lacking in knowledge and probity. Mme. Beaulieu and citizens asked that M. Girardin be deprived of that which was granted him in Sugar Loaf Meadow, as he was in position to injure all inhabitants."

Signed at Cahokia February 7, 1786, by Widow Beaulieu, Pierre Martin, Louis Trottier, Deshayes, Bte. Saucier, Fr. Lonval, Pierre La fleur, Francis Lapancé, Antoine Boyer, Fr. Grandmont, Joseph Cesire, Charles La Croix and others.

In defense M. Girardin said the Court had granted the concession on the refusal of Madame Beaulieu to exhibit her title deed in Court. He offered to deliver the said land to Madame Beaulieu and inhabitants if they would reimburse him for expenses, they had permitted him to make, amounting to 728 livres. The Court considered the petition of Madame Beaulieu as follows: "In view of the petition and pleadings by all parties and also of a deed dated Nov. 19, 1763, from the vicar of *cureé* of Cahokia, by terms of which he gave to M. Beaulieu, the section of woods, which his possessors had reserved for making sugar, and which was exhibited this day by the Widow Beaulieu, and also of our concession made to M. Girardin, dated Oct. 1, 1783, the Court not being able to decide on the validity of either deed, not wishing to annul either concession, we remit this decision to the government which we are expecting, and which will render justice to whomsoever it belongs."

In May, 1785, Madame Beaulieu made application for a grant of land, in what is now Missouri, as follows:

"To Don Francisco Cruzat, Lt. Colonel of Infantry, for his Catholic Majesty, Governor of western part of the Illinois:

Angelique Chauvin, widow of defunct Michel Beaulieu, has the honor to state to you that she would wish to settle with her family in this Spanish Colony, but as she cannot do so without being given permission, she supplicates you to grant her this favor, and inasmuch as her family is numerous, she hopes from you, Sir, that you will be pleased to give her a concession on the River des Peres, containing 40 arpents in front in ascending the said river north and south by the customary depth of 40 arpents on each side of the said river, which concession adjoins on the north side

to that of Louis Robert, in descending, to the King's Domain. The petitioner hopes you will take into consideration the unhappy situation in which she is now placed and grant her request. She shall pray heaven that God may preserve you, prolong your days and bestow all prosperity upon you.

In St. Louis of Ills., the 6th day of May, 1785.

Signed,

Widow Beaulieu."

And the governor made the desired concession in the following terms:

"Having seen the statement in the foregoing memorial, presented by Angelica Chauvin, widow of the late Michel Beaulieu, citizen of this Post of St. Louis, dated the 6th of May, in this current year, I have conceded to her in fee simple for herself and her heirs, and others that might represent her rights, 40 arpents of land in front by 40 A. in depth, along the River des Peres from north to south, bounded on one side by the lands of Louis Robert and on the other by King's Domain, under condition to improve the same and cultivate it within one year from this date and on the contrary, the said 40 arpents shall be reunited to the King's Domain, the land remaining liable to the public and other charges, which his Majesty must be pleased to impose therein.

Given in St. Louis, Ills., the 12th of May, 1785.

Signed,

Francisco Cruzat."

Just when Madame Beaulieu took possession of the property granted to her is not known. In June, 1786, the land was granted to Charles Tayon because, so it is stated, of the failure of Madame Beaulieu to improve and cultivate the same.

The fact appears, however, that she did take possession of the land with her family and slaves, built a house upon it and cultivated it. There was a spring and a pond upon the place, which were for years afterwards known, respectively, as the *fontaine* Beaulieu and the *marais* Beaulieu.

The occurrence of an Indian outbreak and the killing of a number of people in her neighborhood, caused

Madame Beaulieu to abandon her new home and return to Cahokia.

In 1805 she sold her Missouri property, which was a portion of the present Forest Park, to Jean Francois Perry for one hundred and sixty dollars, and the title to it was confirmed to him by the United States.

No attempt to survey it was made until 1832, at which time there were conflicting claims, and this, together with the indefinite designation of the land in the original grant, has given rise to much litigation, which has made the "Chauvin Claim" historic.

Mme. Beaulieu's father, Jean Baptiste Chauvin, died in 1789 and was buried in St. Louis, according to church register of interments of the old Cathedral. The sons of Michel Beaulieu, like their father, were leaders of men. Jean and Michel were legal officials of Cahokia, to look after the commons and Common Field which were held according to the customs of the French Regime. Michel Beaulieu served as Lieutenant and Jean Beaulieu as Captain of the Second Illinois Regiment Light Infantry in the War of 1812.

Madame Beaulieu's daughter, Marguerite, was married Jan. 28, 1786, to Nicholas Boismenue, of a distinguished family. A son, Bazile, married Celeste Saucier, and Jean married Marie Poirier. The grandchildren of M. and Mme. Michel Beaulieu married Joseph Beaird, Henry Godin, Joseph Tremble, Vital Jarrot, Jacques Martin, Marie Belcour, Celeste Bompart, Louis Turcolte, Julie Trottier, Susanne Pensonneau, Therese Turgeon, Sophie Trottier and Julie Le Page.

A son of Jean Beaulieu, Michel, born 1800, married in 1828, Elizabeth Ramey, daughter of Nancy Chance and George Ramey. William Chance, the father of Nancy, came with his wife, Elizabeth Tichnor, from Delaware in 1795, together with his brother, Rev. Joseph Chance. Elizabeth Tichnor Chance after the death of her husband married William Clark, a cousin of George Rogers Clark.

George Ramey came from Virginia in 1803 and was married to Nancy Chance in 1805. They soon bought what has been known for a hundred years as the Ramey Home, one and a half miles west of Columbia, Illinois. George Ramey had his private race track and many fine Kentucky horses. He lies buried in a large mound between the old home and the race track.

It was a tradition of the Indians that George Ramey was buried standing with a spy-glass in his hand to overlook the race track. It was here that Michel Beaulieu Palmier, the fourth, lived with his wife and children and gave his name to much of the surrounding country. The Palmier Hill, long and steep, lies between Columbia and the old home. The Palmier grave yard (over one hundred years old) is the oldest burial ground thereabouts. The last trace of the Ramey home was removed about a year ago when the electric road cut through the spot in which stood the log house, but the mound where was buried George Ramey is still intact.

Michel Beaulieu Palmier, a great hunter and a friend of the Indians, was a noted gunsmith, manufacturing guns for the United States government at Rock Island, Illinois, and in his shop near the Ramey home where he employed many men. It was here he died in 1851, leaving a widow and five children. The fourth child of Elizabeth Ramey and Michel Beaulieu Palmier, Louisa, born 1837, was educated at St. Joseph Convent (Carondelet) and married Frederick Myers of Maryland; she now lives in Chicago with her daughter, Mrs. Walter S. Dray. A son of Mrs. Walter S. Dray, Walter Reme Dray, was graduated from Yale College in 1908 with a most brilliant record, holding the world's record in the pole-vault, having won the mathematical prize of his class each of the three years, made a member of Psi Upsilon, was offered a Fellowship, and elected captain of the Track Team for 1908. He was graduated in 1912 from the Massachu-

setts Institute of Technology as an electrical and mechanical engineer.

Louisa Palmier Myers' youngest child, Adeline, was married to Harry E. Wagoner of St. Louis in 1890. Mrs. Dray and Mrs. Wagoner are graduates of the St. Louis High and Normal schools.

Stanley Blewett Wagoner, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wagoner, is in his senior year at Yale College and is the captain of the Track Team for 1913, holding the Junior record and the Southern Atlantic record in the pole-vault. He is a college Cheer Leader, member of Delta Kappa Epsilon and Wolf's Head.

In closing this sketch of Mme. Beaulieu I can do no better than to quote the tribute paid her by Governor Reynolds, one who knew her well:

"Mme. Beaulieu was educated and intelligent. She was the director-general in moral and medical matters. She was possessed of a strong and active mind and was a pattern of morality and virtue. She was the doctress in most cases, and the *sage femme* for many years. She was extremely devout and an exemplary member of the Catholic Church.

"This, together with her merit generally, enables her to fix up many of the male and female delinquencies of the village. She was sincerely entitled to the praise due a peacemaker. Many of the young and accomplished ladies courted the society of this old lady for improvement. She lived a long and useful life and died in Cahokia in 1826 at the age of 84, much lamented by all classes."

The father of Madame Chauvin Beaulieu, an officer at Fort Chartres during colonial times; her husband, Michel Beaulieu, a captain of the earliest organization of American militia force in this region, and the first of a long line adorned by many brilliant names of those who have held Illinois commissions; her sons, a captain, a lieutenant, and private in the War of 1812, Madame Beaulieu, for their sake as well as for her own, assuredly holds an honored place in the early history of Illinois.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ACTOR.

By Charles A. Krone.

(Read at a Meeting of the Society, 17 March, 1906.)

Continued from Vol. IV., No. 2.

ACT FOUR. SCENE ONE.

After the close of the season in St. Louis, I took my little family to a small country town in Indiana, where I intended to spend the vacation with some of my wife's relatives. Our son, then a babe eight months of age, was so ill that on two occasions I carried him in my arms for dead. We therefore broke off our visit and left for Louisville, where we hoped to obtain better medical attendance. About the middle of August we arrived at dark in New Albany, Ind., some three miles west of Louisville. A furious thunderstorm raged at the time and fearing to risk the safety of the sick child on the long omnibus ride to Louisville, we remained in a hotel until next morning. The following day was clear and extremely hot. After crossing the ferry to the Kentucky side to Portland, a warlike scene presented itself to our gaze, by a number of gunboats in the river with their cannons peering through their black and coffin-like sides towards the town. Further on, hospital tents filled with the sick and wounded, barracks and guards met the eye at many points.

On reaching the city the same scenes were repeated on vacant lots, and even school houses that were turned into lazarettos or camps. The weather being unusually warm the sides of the tents were raised to admit the air, exposing to view the long lines of cots with their occupants, and the doctors and nurses, giving a sad picture of the deplorable contest which was now in its fourth year. But quiet and order pre-

vailed at each post, camp or hospital where the old flag was gaily fluttering in the morning breeze.

After finding quarters in a boarding house adjoining to what had been a medical college, but now was transformed into a Confederate prison, our next step was to take the child to a popular homeopathic physisian who, after examining the little form, almost wasted to a skeleton, pronounced him very ill, but not beyond hope.

After this I reported at the theatre where everything was in a state of high activity and hope for the ensuing season, during which Sherman's army returned from their march to the sea were expected to arrive, and some 20,000 soldiers to be paid off in Louisville.

My old friend, Thos. Conner, the stage manager, was as delighted to meet me as I was to hear that he had given up drink, and was working heroically at his post. The company contained a few efficient actors, and many of the war products, who were inexperienced. Among the younger members, Louis James, the present star, stood pre-eminent as a talented and most desirable acquisition, besides being a young man of kindly disposition, and good social and moral character. This was his first season and he advanced so rapidly that in a year or two he was engaged to play the leading business at a Baltimore theatre. The friendship that then sprang up between us has lasted until this day, and he is still the same jovial and kind-hearted boy that I found him forty years ago. John Pike, William May and John Leonard were likewise well trained actors, desirable companions and firm friends to me. Kitty Blanchard, a talented Louisville girl, also was of the new order, and gained her first laurels during this season in her excellent renditions of "Fanchon" and the "French Spy."

The theatre opened during the latter part of August, and as the city was crowded with soldiers and officers on furlough, the business was excellent. Added

to these a large number of physicians, nurses and guards were stationary, as the typhoid fever, flux and smallpox were making sad havoc among the troops and carrying off many brave hearts that escaped the shot and shell of the foe. At the typhoid hospital the coffin makers and undertakers were busy, and for awhile, the death rate was so great and funerals so numerous, that it was said the mocking birds in the woods had learned to whistle the dead march. Two friends of mine, one of them an actor, were employed in one of the hospitals to do office work. On one of my visits during the night after the performance, in the short course of two hours, I heard the mournful sound of a bell three times announcing as many deaths. My friends attended to the call and returned with the possessions of the deceased—consisting of money, trinkets, letters from relatives and sweethearts, photos, locks of hair and trinkets. These were carefully packed, signed and sealed and directed to the relatives with an account of the death of the soldier.

The prison adjoining my boarding house contained many Confederate captives, and a large tobacco warehouse on Broadway was filled with refugees from East Tennessee, who were cared for by the government. An officer and a friend of mine, one night took me to see the place. The large warehouse, occupying a half block, was filled with human beings of both sexes and every age. Although the place was well heated, and the people well provided with food and medicines, the sight of so many women and little children lodged upon the ground and closely huddled together, presented a woeful picture of the miseries of war never to be forgotten. Here, infants were crying, while a little further off a sick woman was moaning with pain, while doctors attended. One party were playing a social game of cards, and when asked about their condition and why they got here, an old patriarch replied: "Because we-uns wouldn't give in and

quit the Union." Armed soldiers were on guard at every path between these rows of exiled human beings. And during all this misery of sickness, death and exile from home, the fiddles were playing their merriest in concert dives, saloons and the two theatres which were filled with elegantly attired and jovial crowds, for money was plenty and with it a rage for amusement and luxury.

Adah Isaacs Menken, a melodramatic actress, and an adventurous woman of great nerve and a faultless shape, came to play an engagement during which the "French Spy," "Mazeppa," and other plays in which she was enabled to exhibit her well proportioned limbs to advantage, were to be produced. She opened in the "Whistler" and, as I was not in the piece, I determined to take my wife to see the play, as it was new. On my arrival at the theatre I was told that the house was filled with a regiment of soldiers that had arrived that evening, and that the place was not fit for a lady to enter. I peeped through the door and saw that the house was packed with noisy soldiers, who whistled, sang, shouted and yelled as if the place had been turned into a bedlam. I took my wife home and returned alone to see the upshot of the affair. When I again arrived I found quite a number of sailors from the gunboats standing in line in front of the theatre. Presently, an officer came out of the box office with a bundle of tickets which he distributed among the crew, upon which they marched in double file up to the gallery—a merry addition to the crowd that was within. I was about to follow when my attention was called by the arrival of a hard-featured, square-built and black-whiskered man, accompanied by a beautiful lady, elegantly attired in the height of the fashion of that day—a long, black velvet cloak and broad brimmed hat, ornamented with several long, white ostrich plumes, glittering jewels around her neck, and her long black hair falling in curls upon her shoulders. The man I knew to have been a for-

mer slave auctioneer, and as this class of men were generally despised, though tolerated, I was somewhat astonished to find him in such fair company. As I was standing but a few paces from this pair, I heard the following conversation: "You wait here, now, and I'll get you your ticket," the man said as he went to the box office. Presently, he returned with a ticket for the negro gallery and handing it to her, said gruffly: "Now, mark me! don't you flirt with any of those white fellows up there, for if you do, be sure that I'll find it out!" The mystery was cleared; she was an octoroon, and she was no doubt a former slave. Before ten minutes had transpired after her passing into the theatre, the racket commenced in the gallery, while I was talking to the treasurer in the office, and cries of "to the rescue!" and loud oaths were heard above, while blows and kicks and the rumbling noise of men tumbling down stairs succeeded each other in quick succession, added to which were the shouts of the soldiers beneath, who were encouraging the sailors with cries of "Seek him, seek him!" As I expected, the fair octoroon was the cause of all this trouble. Some of the sailors had made advances towards her, which her negro friends resisted; the doorkeepers and police, in attempting to restore order, were mixed up with the whites and blacks in the general fight, in which not only fists, but pieces of gas pipes, clubs and chairs were used, and damaged noses and broken heads were the order of the hour, until a sergeant, with a squad of Provost Guards, arrived and broke up the fight, if they did not restore order.

The performance commenced, but hardly a word could be heard, for the howling of the soldiers and their continual talking to the actors, besides the fright they occasioned to the actors excluded all possibility of an intelligible hearing. I went behind the scenes, where I found the more courageous members of the company laughing, and Miss Menken crying, which was the more strange, as she was known to be a fearless

rider and fencer; had traveled over the world, and braved opposition and lawyers enough to make the stoutest quail, not to mention the many husbands she had married. Orpheus Kerr, the humorist, said that the men of the United States were composed of two classes, those who had married Adah Isaacs Menken and those who had not. Certain it was that at the time spoken of, she had married four. However that may be, she was crying bitterly, and I, having had enough of the noise, left the theatre for home. The performance was, nevertheless, played to an end, but the next day extra help had to be employed to remove the tobacco, peanut, and food refuse, etc., from the theatre.

A rough time this was, and now it sometimes seems to me like a dream, when I recall these scenes. One morning, while going to rehearsal, I found a company of stout and bearded men on horseback, who were drawn up in line in front of the theatre. These men were armed with revolvers, long knives and short double-barreled shotguns, which they laid across the pummels of their saddles. They were commanded by a stripling of, apparently, some 18 or 20 years of age, lean and lank jawed, his face besprinkled with dark brown freckles, and long hair of a dirty, dark reddish hue. His booth were spurred and reached up to his thighs, and a close fitting military blouse, and whose high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, decorated with long black and white plumes, would have made him a splendid model for a front-wood robber in a cheap melodrama. He was drunk, and at his command some of his men came to assist him to dismount, as he wanted "more wh-is-key." On inquiry I was told that this was the redoubtable Capt. Tyrrell, the guerilla leader, whom the government had employed in its service, he having, hitherto, been on the other side. The Captain was led into the saloon opposite, and our little comedian, Scanlon, who stood beside me, proposed that we should follow, which we did. Arrived at the bar,

and after taking several whiskies the Captain began to brag about his heroic deeds, among which were such as setting fire to a tobacco warehouse in which some poor negroes had taken refuge, and killing them all, and shooting the man, whose boots he then wore, for insulting his sister, and other exploits of the same character. My friend, the comedian, unable to bear his boasts any longer, in spite of my efforts to restrain him, walked up to him and said, "So, you are the famous Capt. Tyrrell, who commands all these full-grown men out there, are you?" To which the other replied, "That's what I am!" Upon which the comedian continued, "Umph! umph! Well, my boy, I'll bet you ten dollars that if you take off that long cheese knife and the shooting irons buckled to your waist, that I can go through you in two minutes and a half by the watch." The Captain grinned and said he had more important business on hand at present than to quarrel with a citizen. To which the other replied, "Yes, or with anybody else. I am only astonished that any man with hair on his teeth would follow such a dinky as you are, and so, good bye." Shortly after, the Captain was lifted on his horse, and the cavalcade rode off in the direction of the Headquarters. Some months after this occurrence, it was reported that he had been hanged for proving false to the Government.

The month of November entered accompanied by gloomy storms and rains. One morning while an unusual heavy snow storm was raging, a great number of Confederate prisoners arrived. A melancholy sight it was to see these men with downcast looks and weary steps, attempting to keep time to the tap of a drum, while an occasional command of "close up there!" would be uttered to urge them on. Some of them looked as if they were sick, and the greater part of them were ragged and had pieces of old carpet and oilcloths tied around their feet instead of shoes; while their guards on each side of them, in their long, heavy

cape-coats and glittering weapons, looked the very picture of comfort and health I stood at the Post Office entrance and watched them with a heavy heart, as the large snowflakes fell thick and heavy upon their ill-protected bodies, and as I thought how many fathers, husbands and brothers were entailed in this tragedy, I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks. As I turned away, I met one of our Company, who told me that the prisoners, for the present, would be camped on a vacant place on Broadway, and he asked me to go with him after the rehearsal and bring them some tobacco, to which I gladly consented. We went after dinner, and by that time the weather had become clear and warm. When arrived, we found hosts of ladies there with baskets full of food and pots of hot coffee, which they were busy distributing among the men. The tobacco we had brought was given to those who were without any, and was thankfully received. A tall, lank soldier, who stood somewhat apart from the others, was asked if he wanted any. "Yes, worse than grub!" was the answer, and on receiving it he immediately bit off a mouthful, and chewed away at a furious rate. Upon being asked by my friend where he was from, he replied: "Gen. So-ond-ne's command." "I mean, where are you from?" "Second Division, 4th Regiment, Co. A," he replied. My friend said, "That's not what I'm asking you. I want to know what state you came from?" "Why, from North Ca-arolina! Whar in hell would you hev' a man to come from?" was the answer. My friend looked at him from head to foot and said: "Well, you're the gayest yellowhammer I ever met!" "Well, if I am, by gosh, *you* can't walk my log!" was the defiant answer.

That evening while we were busy dressing, we were startled by a loud thump at the dressing room door, and on inquiring who was there, a loud, sonorous voice answered: "Four barbarians from the mountains of

the Cevennes! Representatives of the Allabrogi and the Allemani." On opening the door, four ragged, dirty, unkempt and bearded men stepped into the room. At a first glance we did not recognize that these men were four friends and well known actors until they began to laugh and talk. They had been taken prisoners in the South while on their way to the depot early in the morning, where in the dark they had mistaken the Confederate army, that had occupied the town during the night, for the Federal troops, and shouted "Hurrah for the Union!" Upon this they had been made prisoners and dragged for some weeks along with the troops on their march. They told us how they had suffered and starved, and also of the fun they had enjoyed in begging and broiling dog meat while they were exposed to the fire of both armies during their imprisonment in a log house; of their release by Gen. Washburne, who was a member of an order to which one of them belonged; of their meeting the gang of prisoners that had come in that morning, whom they had followed until they had boarded the train, and their final arrival here through the kindness of a countryman who had taken them in his wagon. After this, instant preparations were made to assist them. The first thing was to provide them with food and the means to get a bath and a shave. In the meantime, clean shirts, and such wearing apparel as could be gathered among us, was placed at their disposal. An hour or so after their cleansing operations they returned, and if anything they looked more hideous than before, for the upper part of their faces, which had been exposed to the sun and wind had been burnt to a blackish brown color, while that part from which the beard had been removed shone with a ghastly bluish lustre, which reminded one of an ourangoutang or Darwin's Missing Link. However, we all rejoiced, as they were at once engaged to open with Miss Lea Hudson the following

week in "Mazeppa," which was expected to have quite a run.

My engagement was satisfactory, my son had recovered his health, and my wife and myself were at the height of contentment, when on the first performance of "Mazeppa" I was taken very ill with a fever, accompanied by a severe head and back ache. Notwithstanding, I managed to get through the long leading part, in which I had to fight several combats, and ride a horse in a procession over the wet sawdust, with which the stage was covered, and a space around the dress circle about which the pageant marched back to the stage, although I had considerable trouble to keep in the saddle. My wife advised me to see a doctor, but as I thought it a mere transitory neuralgia affection from which I often suffered, I objected and played again the following night. However, my ailment had increased to such an extent, and the headache grown so fierce, that half the time I was unable to see the audience.

The next day I was very sick, but still determined to hold out, and thinking a little diversion might be beneficial, I went down into the yard, as had been my custom, and tried to fence with some medical students, who were my fellow-boarders. But in vain; I could not see straight. Upon this, one of these students gave me five pills, which he recommended very highly as his own invention, and bade me swallow them at a gulp. But, instead of these going down, they flew through my nostrils, as if fired from a shot gun, hitting the doctor in the face. I saw it was no use, and so went to my room and laid down, while my wife went for a doctor and to report to the theatre that I would not appear that night. An hour or so after, three fellow actors arrived, John May, Louis James and John Leonard, and brought me some fruit, joked and bandied with me and played with the baby awhile, but as I had become too ill to stand, I went to

bed after they had left. Late at night I began to cough so violently that my wife became alarmed, and hastened to the doctor, who had been delayed. He came, and after examining my throat, with slow and hesitating voice, informed us that I had the smallpox.

Here was a situation for a man with this terrible pest, and to be penned, as it were, with his wife and child in a city filled with soldiers and strangers in a time of war. The doctor, our friend, advised us to keep the affair secret and speak of it as though it were a case of pneumonia or malaria, for, otherwise, I should at once be sent to the pest house, where, under present conditions, he would not like to see his worst enemy. After giving me some small white pills, he left us and promised to call again next morning. I was in a high fever; my wife was crying, while the baby, unconcerned and happy, was playing at my feet. I tried to console my wife and insisted on her telling the landlady immediately of my sickness, as I did not wish to infect any one else, and so they could be careful to avoid me, assuring my wife that I was certain I would be all right as long as we did the right thing. She hesitated, but upon my assurance that all would be for the best, she told the landlady, who immediately cried out that she would have me removed at once to the pest house. No sooner I heard this, than heated with fever, I sprang out of bed and placed my loaded double-barreled shot gun at hand, and told the landlady, who was standing in the hall, to wait till morning, for, if not, I would shoot the first man who dared to cross my threshold to remove me to the pest house on that cold and rainy night. I was left alone after that and to my crying wife my only consolation and answer was that all would be right, and to wait until the morrow.

I returned to my bed, and whether it was the effect of the fever, or the medicine, I had most fantastic hallucinations, and stranger still, I knew them to be such,

and could describe them to my wife whenever she interrupted these dreams by speaking to me. Thus I fancied that several fat and hook-nosed usurers were counting money on a table and laughing and jeering at me and my illness. I arose, opened the door and kicked them out into the hall. No sooner had my wife spoken to me than I was aware of the transaction and retired to bed again, when I imagined that the two grave diggers in Hamlet were digging my grave on a flowery prairie, and whom I commanded not to dig so deep, so that I might be nearer to the grass and the yellow flowers, which were my favorites, upon which the first grave digger put his thumb to his nose and shook his fingers as if to say: "You can't come up." My wife recalled me to myself, and this scene vanished. After being quiet awhile, I grew restless, and my wife warned me to be careful, and not kick the little fellow who was still seated at the foot of the bed. I raised and looked at him, and the entire bed became filled with beautiful little children. I asked my wife to observe and admire them, upon which she soothed me and adjusted my pillow, and now the entire room swarmed with visionary angels of every shade of beauty and complexion, who hovered over me, passing and repassing, looking at me with pitying smiles, some in pairs, some singly, pointing at me, while others had the index finger laid upon their lips, as if to enjoin silence and peace. Three visions I could hold as long as I kept my eyes closed and describe them, and even feel their soft, flowing white trains as they brushed across my feverish lips and face. I strove to rid myself of these fair companions, and my eyes fell upon the water pitcher, which stood on a table opposite the bed, out of the mouth of which there immediately popped the head of a ruddy-faced old woman with a frilled night cap on her head, large goggle eyes, a long nose and projecting chin; in another moment an arm dropped out on each side of the

pitcher and a very short-skirted dress; after which it arose from the surface of the table, and I discovered two legs and red stockings and feet cased in shoes with silver buckles. There she was complete, and after nodding to me for a time and turning up the whites of her eyes, she stuck her tongue out at me and then danced a jig all around the table to the drone of a bagpipe. That paused, and, as I preferred the visits of angels to this vaudeville show, I had but to turn my head away from it. I have often wondered since whether the medicine given me did not contain opium. Well, thus passed the night, and as I felt no pain, it was rather pleasant to me, but what it must have been to the poor wife, I'll leave to your imagination.

The morning dawned in gloom and rain, and the question of the pest house was still on the tapis, for the boarders, as well as the landlady were in a state of terror, while I was still fully persuaded that all would be well. And I was not deceived, for, this time again a woman came to the rescue as in the case of my dangerous attack of pneumonia in Louisiana, Mo., in 1858. The news of my illness had spread abroad, and so, about 10 o'clock that morning, one of the many angels I had seen during that night came to us. But, as angels often come in strange disguises, this one came in the guise of a woman about forty years of age and the mother of ten living children, a friend of ours, who had known my wife since her childhood. She bade us be of hope, as she would come that night to take the baby home with her, and that she would have everything ready to receive us the next day at her home, where a room on the second story of a frame house in her garden, and fronting the street, would be prepared for our reception. So, my faith had not deceived me. In the afternoon, my two actor friends, Wm. May and John Leonard, came to see me, and told me that they were both immune, having had the

disease some years ago. This was not true, as I subsequently learned, and was only said to make me feel easy. The also informed me that they had seen Gen. Palmer, the commander of the Department of Kentucky, who, on hearing of my condition, had offered to send me to a hospital where, he assured them, he would see the very best care should be taken of me. I told them I had a place, and only required of them to furnish me a conveyance to bring me there; but I had made them promise that they would tell the driver of my condition, so he would fumigate the vehicle after the ride, and thus prevent further infection. In the evening our benefactress came with a heavy shawl, in which she wrapped the little fellow and departed, while the mother was left in tears. Another dismal night was passed by my wife, who had had considerable trouble to procure enough food to keep body and soul together, not to speak of the dismal watch she had undergone.

The following morning my two heroic friends again appeared, full of cheer, and informed me that not a man could be found to take me to my refuge, but that they had told Gen. Palmer of the affair, who immediately had torn a leaf from his note book, and written an order commanding an ambulance and two soldiers to come for me at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. My two friends were to come with them, and thus, with all due ceremony and "military honors," escort me to my new quarters.

At 4 o'clock, with military promptness, my friends arrived with the soldiers and the ambulance. I was dressed carefully and warm, and my spotted face covered with a black veil, and thus I descended the stairs, while the boarders, too terrified to render any assistance, were profuse in their sympathy, and stared through the partly opened doors as I passed by. One of our lady friends cried, and as I consoled her with my usual refrain, "that I was all right!" the soldiers

heartily laughed. Arrived at the wagon, I laid down on some fresh straw, and as it was cold and raining, all the blinds were pulled down. Arrived at my quarters I found everything tidy and comfortable, and a young woman, a friend of my wife, arranging some fuel for the stove, and upon my attempting to drive her away, she vowed that she had had the disease four years ago. I did not believe her, and upon my insisting that she must leave, she went away laughing, saying that I was a "fine brother," for by that title she usually addressed me.

No sooner was I left to myself than my cherubic visions haunted me again, until I espied a trap in the ceiling, which was instantly converted into a picture frame which filled itself successively with the portraits of the famous generals I had seen and met, and thus Generals Grant, Sherman, Buell, Rosseau and Palmer, who always remained the longest and came very often, passed in review before my gaze, until my wife assured me that what I saw was nothing more than a simple trapdoor painted black. My attention next was drawn to a huge picture, a copy of Murillo's Virgin, which one of the lads of the family had painted, and this began to enlarge itself and the figure and the angels began to move. It was thus I dreamed another day, after which I was restored to the world of reality and I called for books and read considerable from that time, until I was well, without any detriment to my health.

My quarters left nothing to be wished for, except that they were situated in the neighborhood of the toughest part of the city, where we were often annoyed by the noise of drunken and boisterous soldiers, who would show fight when the Provost Guard attempted to arrest them, and the guards would fire their guns in the air, the bullets often striking the house, and with a crashing noise tearing away the slats from the window blinds near to where I lay. My wife was

very much frightened, and more especially when some of the soldiers, to escape the guns, would rush up our stairs to hide. One night a fellow even pounded on the door for admission, and I told my terrified wife to tell him that there was a case of smallpox in the room, and a double barreled shot gun if necessary. She told him this, upon which he retreated in double quick time.

During the six weeks I lay here my salary was brought to me every week by two faithful friends, besides gifts of oranges, cigars and toys for the baby, which my wife would receive at the door. At the theatre a notice had been put up forbidding any one to visit me for fear of infecting the company. Notwithstanding, my friends came as usual, and stood in the garden, where, after giving a shrill whistle, my wife would come down to receive whatever they had brought. At the end of six weeks I was pronounced well, and for the first time I stood at the head of the stairs, and looked down into the garden where my benefactress stood holding the boy in her arms. He had grown chubby and fat, and upon my calling him by name, he looked up at me and began to cry.

The next day I reported at the theatre, and though I had neither rubbed, nor scratched my face, and consequently had but few pits, my face was still a reddish hue. I was given three weeks more to rest, receiving my salary during this period, as was customary with all respectable managers of that time that I had been connected with. I heard also that during my illness my friends had performed another good samaritan work. The father of one of our ballet girls had died. He had been an invalid for years, and the girl, who had supported him and two little brothers from her scanty salary, and what the work of her needle might bring, was in despair, when these two fellows came and washed, shaved and dressed the body, collected money among the actors, and gave him decent burial. I take

delight mentioning these facts. Of course, like all human beings, these men had their faults and often serious ones, but it is not by these that we are to judge men, but by the good that may be in them, for, "Use every man after his deserts, and who shall escape whipping?"

My benefactress of this period I have seen but once since that time while playing in Louisville. But I have written to her occasionally until she died some five years ago at the age of eighty-five. The other, of Louisiana, Missouri, passed away some twenty-five years ago, as I was told by the proprietor of the music store of that town, and leader of the orchestra. He was the boy who, in 1858, had played the guitar in our orchestra of two, and had gone for the medicine on the night I fell sick. I was deeply moved, for my chief object in going to this place for one night to play with Charles Pope in Ingomar, was to once more look upon the kindly face of her who had been so kind. I also wished to personally thank Gen. Palmer for his kindness, but often as I came to Springfield, he was out of town. He, too, has gone to "join the innumerable caravan." My two actor friends I have since met several times, but as I have not heard of them for many years, it is likely they too have made their exit from the stage of life. The memory of them is still, and will ever be, fresh with me.

My three weeks' rest having expired, I appeared as the villain, Jacob McClerty, in the "Octoroon." The house, as usual, was chiefly filled with soldiers. While I was engaged in the scene where McClerty is about to strike a boy with a club, a Wisconsin cavalry soldier stepped forward as far as the railing of the orchestra and deliberately aimed his revolver at me. The police, who had suspected him were ready and after a severe struggle and much excitement, dragged him from the house into the street, where he swore he would kill me on sight the first time he met me. As his head

was heavily bandaged, it was supposed that the man was suffering from a high fever, occasioned by a recent wound. Some time after, another man attempted to get at me by climbing upon the stage, from which, however, he was prevented by the shouts and threats of the public. After this I carried a long bowie knife concealed in my girdle for some time, but never had occasion to use it. Surely, it was a rough time, for the four long years during which the people of the two border cities, St. Louis and Louisville, had heard the almost continual sound of the drum and bugle, the tramp of soldiers and the rattle of baggage wagons and artillery had made them accustomed to these disorders, and more or less reckless. The respectable and intelligent soldier was quiet and peaceful in his intercourse with the citizens, and remained in his barracks during the night, while the ruffian prowled abroad in the dark streets or in the low dives, without regard for man or woman, and though they were severely punished by imprisonment, or labor in the streets, it was impossible to reach them all.

One night, during the long scene of a quiet play, the soldiers began to throw bullets at us. The bullet of the rifled musket of that day was a chunk of solid lead, almost as thick and as long as a man's thumb. One of them struck my partner in the scene on the calf of his leg, which was protected only by a thin silk stocking. The pain made him swear and fume in an undertone, and complain that he was prevented from whipping the whole regiment. The crowd laughed at him, and I implored him to keep quiet and not make things worse, when a bullet struck me square on the shinbone with such force that I believe if it had not been protected by the long saber I wore, it would have broken my leg. Infuriated with pain, I rushed down towards the footlights and shouted: "See here, boys, I want to know whether you are going to do the acting tonight, or I, for, by the gods, one of us will have to

quit!" Upon which they yelled out: "Bully boy! bully boy! go on! order, order!" And we were permitted to proceed. The season was prolific in similar scenes, most of which I have forgotten. I lived a long distance from the theatre, and had to pass through the toughest part of the town to reach my home. One night going homeward with a sergeant's guard that were commanded to that part of the city, they attempted to arrest a soldier whom they had dragged from a barroom. After bringing him as far as the door, the man made a fierce resistance, upon which one of the guards made a furious bayonet thrust at him, the weapon passing through both sides of his uniform and pinning him fast to the wooden frame of the door. The bayonet was withdrawn, and the man bled from a wound where the weapon had grazed his sides. The sergeant said a few words of disapproval to the guard, who answered that he only meant to prevent him from escaping, which, no doubt, was true.

Madame Pozzoni, from St. Louis, arrived to play the "Bohemian Girl." She brought a singer with her, a Mr. Powers, a nephew of the great American sculptor, who executed the famous Greek Slave. Powers played Thaddeus, while this time I was cast for Devilshoof. I wanted my wife to see the play, and accordingly took her with me. On our return home we were forced to run the gauntlet of a host of toughs that stood on the street in front of the barrooms and dives, while their remarks to myself and wife were such as made me tremble with rage; and even threats were uttered that actually made me fear she would be torn from my side. The heavy hickory, which I carried, and my knowledge to use it, were of no avail in this predicament, and so I had to submit. I shall never forget that promenade, and I am sure my wife won't. Things had come to such a pass that some of the employes of the theatre, on going home, would take the middle of the street with a revolver in each hand,

saying: "Now, the first man that bids me good evening, I'll shoot him." A few nights after the aforementioned occurrence, I witnessed the holding up of two men, one of them a small hunchback, who resisted and was dragged from Preston street into a near alley and relieved of his property. But, unlike our footpads of today, they did not abuse their victim after robbing him. I was once sorely pressed myself by a party of these night prowlers, but got off by saying that I was an actor, upon which they took me to a gas light, where, after assuring themselves of my identity, I was permitted to depart. Whether their generosity was owing to the respect they entertained for the craft, or the fact that there was nothing to be got from an actor, I do not know. Such was the state of affairs for those who were compelled to be on the street late at night, and daylight, also, had its perils. One morning while standing in front of my dwelling to see a regiment pass, some of the men left the ranks and were fired at as they ran up the streets. Every precaution was taken not to hit the men, but the people that were looking out of the windows, and around whose heads the brick and mortar dust flew, little care was taken whether they were shot or not. After these experiences, I resolved to change my quarters, and after a brief search I found a place in the center of the city, where I had a room in the second story. On the first night, as I prepared to go to rest in my new domicile, my wife, who was at the window, cried out that they were murdering some one on the opposite side. I looked and saw two men rifling the pockets of a man they had pressed to the ground, while the gurgling sounds that proceeded from him showed that he was being choked. The whole affair, however, was finished in a moment, when the robbers hurried off and their victim arose and tottered down the street. This did not look like a good exchange, but the locality subsequently proved to be safer than that of my former quarters.

One gloomy Sunday afternoon, while strolling towards the theatre for a walk, I saw a man in a long, whitish overcoat leaning against some millstones in front of a store in the Masonic Temple opposite the theatre. As the face was familiar to me, I stood and observed him awhile. Presently, the man looked up and seeing me, cried out: "Hallo, Mr. Krone, is that you?" and came over to shake hands with me. It was John Wilkes Booth, who had played an engagement in St. Louis, and was laying over in Louisville to take the night train for Baltimore. He told me of his hardships in coming down from Omaha to fill his date in St. Louis, and that he had made the greater part of the journey in sleds, all of which I had read about in the papers. He looked worn out, dejected and as melancholy as the dull, grey sky above us. After some talk about St. Louis, he asked me if I did not know some quiet and respectable beer saloon, where we could sit down and enjoy a social chat. I took him to Dannerman's on Third street, a resort frequented by actors, musicians and professional people generally. After ordering beer, he sat gloomily and silent for a time, and upon my asking him the cause, he smilingly answered that no doubt it was the rough experience he had passed through lately. He then advised me to procure an engagement with McVicker in Chicago, and called for pen, ink and paper and wrote me a flattering recommendation, which he handed to me with wishes for my success. I remained with him until evening, when he suddenly got up, shook hands with me and left. I never saw him again. The letter I never made use of, and later it was lost.

Miss Kitty Blanchard, afterwards the well known Mrs. McKee Rankin, appeared in the "French Spy" for a week. This play was a great favorite with the soldiers, as it treated of the capture of Algiers by the French and contained several battles and combats. On one of these performances a regiment took posses-

sion of the theatre, and when the battle scene between the French and Arabs took place, they became so enthused that many of them fired their guns at the stage, the bullets striking the proscenium, making the stucco ornaments and wood work fly in every direction, and fall upon our heads, and while our property men, who had become almost as reckless as the soldiers, fired bombs and other explosives at us from the flies to such an extent that the light woolen Arab costume I wore caught fire repeatedly from the burning brimstone that was scattered around. While fighting with the right hand my left was employed in putting out the fire on my body, whenever Louis James, my antagonist, shouted, "You're on fire again!"

On the morning of April 15, 1865, I left my home early to arrange for my benefit, which was to take place on the 19th. While passing Dannerman's saloon, where I had last seen John Wilkes Booth, and hearing a loud discussion in the place, I entered, and was informed by one of our musicians, who held a paper in his hand, that Booth had shot President Lincoln. Those that knew Booth did not believe the report, but when it was verified, and news also came from Washington of the indiscriminate hounding of actors generally, many of whom had to conceal themselves to save their lives, some of the soldiers in Louisville thought it necessary also to show their patriotism and zeal by going around to the public places and attempting to get up a feeling against the actors by abuse and vituperation. James Bates, our juvenile man, no sooner heard of this than he immediately started out in search of these parties to champion the cause of his colleagues. He was a tall and muscular man, and a boxer par excellence, and, though his friendly and boyish manner was suggestive of a quiet disposition, he was known to be a dangerous opponent. He came to the theatre in the evening almost at the last moment, with his clothes torn in various places, his face

scratched, a black eye, and swollen hands, which he bathed with brandy. While he was dressing and painting his blackened eye he related how many privates, non-commissioned and commissioned officers he had given battle to that day, which was quite unnecessary, for his face told the history. The knowledge of his exploits had spread through the town, and for awhile he was as popular as the best soldier in the army.

My benefit took place on the 19th of April, and as it rained all day, my share was only $63. I was anxious to return home, being surfeited with the incessant clamor of drum and bugle, and even the daily concerts of the Post Band in my neighborhood had lost its charm, and the sight of a soldier had become a positive annoyance. On the 26th of April, however, the welcome news of Gen. Lee's surrender arrived to fill our hearts with joy. During the following two months fresh troops arrived from day to day and among these the 8th Missouri regiment of Zouaves came in to receive its pay. I was ignorant of their presence until one evening when an unusually noisy crowd had filled the second tier, and on my entering on the stage some one cried, "Why, that's Charley Krone!" Upon which others shouted, "Hello Charley, how are you? How's St. Louis and Vide Poche? Don't you know me?" etc., etc., which was followed by everybody shouting "Charley! Charley!" I then knew who they were, and as I looked up at them and smiled, they burst out into a boisterous laugh and applause, after which a moment's silence prevailed, when a very tall Indian, who bore the flag of the regiment, stood up and in a low, sepulchral voice said, "Why, Charley!" Another uproar ensued.

During the performance numerous cards and notes were sent to me, some of them written in hieroglyphics that plainly told of the numerous cocktails by which they had been inspired. Most of them, however, con-

tained a request for me to induce Miss Blanchard to sing "Sherman's March to the Sea." I showed her these notes, and she gladly consented. No sooner had the orchestra begun the symphony than the uproar began, and lasted until after Miss Blanchard entered and made a sign for them to be quiet. After the first stanza they were wild with enthusiasm, and as the song proceeded they tore their badges and medals from their uniforms and flung them on the stage, and soon miniature photographs and money followed. After the act was over even a jack knife and some cartridges were found among the sweepings. After this ovation, more notes came, kindly inviting me to meet a lot of acquaintances at the saloon adjoining the theatre. I knew what that meant, and resolved to avoid it by climbing over the fence into the dark alley instead of using the customary exit of the gate to the street. After I got through I carefully climbed the fence which separated the theatre from the alley, and as I dropped down on the other side I found myself in the midst of the party, who were waiting for me. I confessed to having tried to avoid them until the morning, as a child and a wife, who was ill, were waiting for me. Upon this they laughed and excused me. But we entered the saloon, where the barkeeper was told to give me the best drink in the house, and upon being told that that was worth a quarter of a dollar, he was told that it wouldn't do, and they insisted upon his giving me a drink for a dollar. After this point was settled, a cigar worth a dollar was demanded, and as none such were to be obtained, I had to take a pocket full at less cost. In paying the bill a number of five and ten cent notes were dropped upon the floor. A newsboy who stood by picked them up and handed them to the owner, who, after glancing at them and seeing their small denomination, replied: "Oh, stick them in your pocket, sonny, for chicken feed." After a half an hour or so I invited them to see me the next

day and then left for home. As I passed by the theatre I observed quite an excitement within and a soldier lying on his back in the vestibule, surrounded by members of the company. His breast was uncovered and displayed a wound about an inch wide in the region of his heart. Miss Blanchard was bending over him and bathing his temples with some strong lotion, but the man evidently was dying. No one seemed to know him. He had been heard to say that he was weary of living in a country where a negro had privileges that were denied to the man who, for four years, had fought and bled for him, then turning to those around him, said: "Give Miss Blanchard my love." And upon this, he drew a dagger and plunged it into his heart.

The next morning as I went to rehearsal I saw four youths in cavalry uniforms, and armed with carbines, sitting calmly on the curbstone opposite the theatre, and as they appeared to be quite an object of interest to the bystanders I inquired the cause, and was told that they had just returned from an expedition of vengeance which they had executed some five miles from the town, where they had shot a man who, before the war, had murdered the father of one of the lads. They had called their victim from his home to the gate where he received the deadly balls from their carbines. This occurrence recalled to my mind many of the sad happenings of the past four years; such as the death of Gen. Nelson, who was shot by Gen. Jeff C. Davis, and the late sad fate of a young Confederate prisoner who had thrust his head out of the narrow window of his cell to see a Confederate flag which a young woman was waving in a window on the opposite side of the street. I was conversing with a friend at the time at the corner, and we observed the action and heard the sentinel's repeated command for him to keep his head inside, but thinking the matter of no importance, we paid no more attention to it, until we were startled

by a shot and a stifled shriek. The sentinel had fired, and during the day we heard that the young fellow had died. These reflections, and many more, filled me with sadness, until the next day, when I received a letter from Ben De Bar, offering me an engagement with a liberal salary for the next season, and I accepted.

The season was drawing to a close, the soldiers had been paid off, and for some days and nights the shouts of the men, and the sound of drum and trumpet announced their homeward march. One morning early my little boy, who was watching them at the open window, cried out, "The boys all gone!" I sprang out of bed and looked, and sure enough, the remnant, consisting of a few men, some of whom were leading dogs by a rope, or carrying cages with birds, one with a cat, another with a hawk or an eagle mounted on his knapsack, and a few who wearily plodded along supported on rough canes, was all that was left of them, and these vanished.

The turmoil was over, and I joyfully sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

A few weeks later I was ready to depart, and though the management wished to retain me, and Col. Wallace, one of the editorial staff of the "Journal," a gentleman who had been very kind to me, and had supplied me with the best books from his library during the season, came in person and pressed the management to induce me to remain. But I had too many family reasons for going home. After a hasty parting from the many friends who had been so kind to me, and from my benefactress, who shed tears at our departure, I boarded the train for St. Louis one sultry evening.

On the route home the train passed through numerous triumphal arches decorated with flags, ribbons, flowers and inscriptions of welcome to the returned heroes. At one station several companies of cavalry

were taken on board, and I went into their car to take a smoke. They were in high glee, the bottle was passed around freely, and ere long a brisk fight was got up, in which they drew their long sabres and hacked and slashed at one another like so many tartars, smashing the windows and making a great deal of noise until the officers restored peace. An hour or so after the train stopped at a camp at the foot of a hill. The tents, which were all lit up, and a camp fire near the track, formed a most picturesque scene. The men left the train and were received with loud shouts of their comrades of the camp. This was the last episode of the war that I witnessed.

As I have formerly stated the character and condition of the theatre at that time, to avoid repetition I will for the future confine myself to speak only of the celebrities and popular actors, together with the changes from the old system that occurred during that period, until the death of Ben De Bar.

The company for the season of 1865 consisted of the following members: George De Vere, Charles A. Krone, Radcliff J. Barrett, William Wiggins, D. Vanderin, M. Slevin, B. J. Wilson, Charles Keller, H. Hales, E. P. Clapp, James Ryan, M. Morrison. And the following ladies: Mrs. Vanderin, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Slevin, Miss Jones, Miss Vallée and Miss Mortimer. George De Vere, a man of thorough education, excellent character, and a well trained, judicious actor, was the leading man. He was one of the company that had been brought from England by Jones Bates of Cincinnati, which at the beginning of the Civil War was playing in the South, where De Vere was detained in Richmond until peace had been proclaimed, after which he was permitted to come north to join De Bar. His wife, Miss Nellie Mortimer, was the chambermaid, and an excellent actress, and of a most prepossessing stage appearance. William Wiggins, the low comedian, had just returned from a four years' service as a sergeant in the Union Army. He

was a man possessed of rare talents for his vocation, and who certainly would have been numbered among the best, if death had not cut short his young life. Although eccentric in disposition, he was kind-hearted and honest. On one occasion I went to see him, and found him in hot contention with a tramp, who had put a large load of coal into his cellar and only charged him 50 cents for the job. Wiggins thought the sum too small and handed him a dollar, and the tramp had refused it. After referring the judgment to me and I agreeing with him, he told the tramp to take the dollar or a licking, that he was a poor but honest man, etc., etc. The tramp replied that he was not as poor nor more honest than himself, and still refused. After some wrangling he agreed to take a drink and a cigar at the saloon, where Wiggins slyly expedited several cigars into his pockets, saying: "So that halve is paid!" Another peculiar character, although a mere youth, was Sol Smith Russell, or rather Sol Smith, as he called himself at the time, until the old veteran manager and genuine Sol Smith objected to his using the name of a family to which he was not related. The old gentleman had proposed the name of Smythe to him, but as this did not suit him, he changed it into Sol Smith Russell. It was generally believed that he was one of the old manager's family, but while playing in his company in New York some years ago, he told me, laughingly, that such was not the case, but that his father kept a tin shop on Market street, near Fourth, and that he was born somewhere on Hickory street, near Seventh. He was what might be termed the second low comedian of the company, and, though but a short time in the business, gave promise of future excellency in that species of melancholy and mouldy humor in which he later became such a master and attained wealth and fame. Shortly before his death, which occurred a few years ago, he had departed from his accustomed and special style of acting, and entered with considerable success into the

region of old English comedy. He was a quiet and affable man, who always spoke with the warmest affection of his native city and his connection with Ben de Bar, of whom he had a portrait in the character of "Toodles," painted by Mat Hastings of this city, hanging in his study.

On the 12th of November a daughter was added to my family. I now had a pair, and as everything was getting on smoothly at the theatre, I made up my mind to remain with the present management as long as possible, so as to be able to educate those depending upon me in a proper manner.

The great event of this season was the arrival of Ed Forrest and John McCullough, who supported him, and directed his plays. He opened in "Virginius" on Feb. 12, 1866, to a crowded house. He had created the part of "Virginius" according to his own unique conception, and although he was now sixty years of age, it is doubtful whether the world has ever seen a grander representation of that character. When, after the opening scene of the citizens, his cue for entering had been given, he stepped out of the green room, which was some forty feet distant from the stage, and immediately began to speak as he moved towards the scene, while the words: "Why did you make him Decemvir, and first Decemvir, too?" rang out like a trumpet blast. The effect was electric and the audience broke out in thunders of applause and cheers, which continued for a time before he was allowed to speak. No wonder, for to hear that voice and see that noble figure in its symmetry, power and repose, one could not help but feel, not only the spirit of the noble Roman father he represented, but that of the colossal and world-ruling Rome of ancient days, as if a magician had drawn aside the veil of history for a moment and said: "There, take a brief glance, feel it, and never forget it!" This is the power that distinguishes all great actors from those of minor talents.

AN UNUSUAL INDIAN FLINT NOTCHED HOE.

By Dr. H. M. Whelpley.

The Indian flint notched hoe, of which a full size illustration is given on plate I, is of unusual shape, size and thickness and was found outside of the flint notched hoe zone. It was perhaps also made by an exceptional method.

The comparative statements in reference to the hoe are based on observations made while studying various collections which contain Indian flint agricultural implements. My own series at the date of this writing, January 20, 1914, numbers 254 notched hoes.

Shape. Flint notched hoes are usually in general outline, circular, oval or triangular.[1] They seldom, if ever, approach the quadrangular form.[2]

The hoe under consideration in outline forms a perfect quadrangle, with sides in the ratio of 57:38. (See Fig. 1.) The length of this hoe is unusually great in proportion to the width. It is the only notched hoe in my collection which is so perfectly quadrangular in outline.

The stem is the most pronounced and symmetrical of any notched hoe of the T type that I have seen.

The front[3] face of the hoe is convex in both diameters. The back face is almost flat from side to side and quite so from top to bottom.

The neck is the most vulnerable feature of a notched hoe. This specimen has a very thick and substantial neck.

[1] Missouri Historical Society Department of Archaeology Bulletin I, plate VIII.

[2] See Missouri Historical Society Museum, Case No. 3.

[3] The front face is the flat surface away from the workman when the hoe is in use. The back face is the side towards him.

AN UNUSUAL FLINT NOTCHED HOE.
Found in Boone County, Mo. Size 7⅛x4⅝ inches.
H. M. WHELPLEY, Collection.
PLATE I.

Size. The dimensions, $7^{1}/_{8}$x$4^{6}/_{8}$, are not maximum for flint notched hoes, but are far above the average.

Thickness. The maximum thickness is 1 1/16 inch at a point just above and to the right of F in the outline. This was evidently a refractory place in the

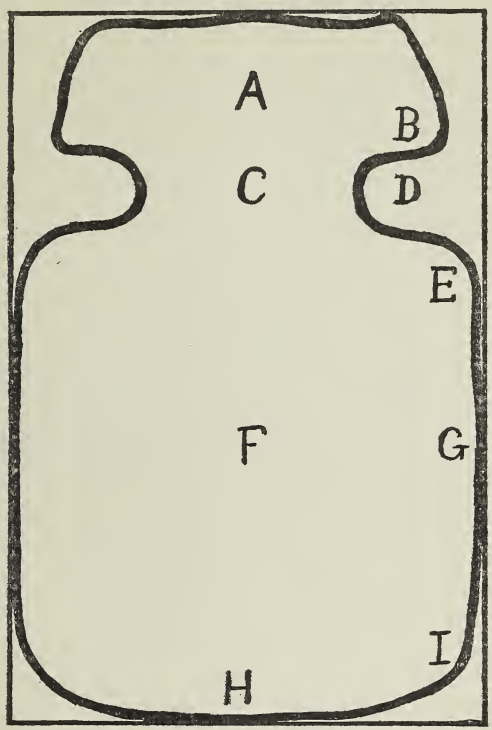


FIG. 1.

A, STEM; B, TANG; C, NECK; D, NOTCH; E, SHOULDER; F, FACE; G, EDGE; H, POINT; I, CORNER.

flint, and the workman failed to flake it down to 7/8-inch which is the general thickness.

The entire specimen remains uniformly thick up to about one-half inch from the edge, when it gracefully slopes down to a sharp edge at an angle of about 25 degrees This is unusually thick, even when the size of the implement is considered. Hoes generally slope gradually from the center of the blade down to a sharp edge.

Weight. The 27 ounces is in keeping with the size and thickness The flint is compact in texture.

Workmanship. The piece is large and thick for a hoe and fails to please the eye as does a thin flint notched hoe of the usual type. Still, it was the product of a skillful workman. It is symmetrical and well made.

The large, deep notches testify to the mechanic's ability. They were both formed in the same manner; that is, by the taking off of a single semilunar flake on both upper and lower surface. Only two of these flakes were followed by any secondary chipping whatever.

The point (H) or cutting edge of the blade has been resharpened. The material of a flint implement which has been long in use will not work as readily as does fresh flint. The new edge on this hoe gives evidence of this fact. The workman who repaired the tool ground down the ragged edge to the symmetrical curve shown in the plate and outline.

A tubercle on the original piece of flint just above and to the right of F has been ground off down to the surface of the face of the nodule.

Material. The Mill Creek, Union County, Ill., Indian quarry furnished the flint for this hoe. The photograph shows a long strip of the original weathered surface of the flat piece of flint from which it was made. On the obverse side may be seen about one-half as much "bark" as this coarse, rough, dark colored crust is termed.

Color. The implement is mottled, grayish white, so frequent among fine hoes and spades from Mill Creek quarry material.

Age. An agricultural implement was in use only a short time each year. This one must have seen service in making many crops, for the faces are glazed from friction in the soil and the neck is much worn where the hoe handle was attached.

The maker may have lived centuries ago. The hoe must have passed through many generations and over wide territory as a result of war or trade and barter.

Location. Boone County, Mo., where the last Indian owner of this hoe was located, is well outside of the notched, flint hoe belt, which does not extend far west of St. Louis County.

How interesting it would be to know when and how the hoe happened so far from home.

Was the Hoe Made From a Spade? The answer can only be an expression of opinion. I have quite a number of notched hoes that were undoubtedly shaped from flint spades of suitable form.[4] This hoe may have had such a progenitor, but I am undecided. The flaking is superior to any work I have observed on a hoe undoubtedly made out of a spade.

It is generally taken for granted that flint notched hoes were never made from perfect spades, but that broken implements were sometimes utilized for the purpose.

St. Louis in 1837.

St. Louis, Tuesday Evening, July 4th, 1837.

"As I went to church on Sunday morning, to my utter astonishment, in passing by the new theatre, I saw some twenty or thirty men at work on it—masons, house carpenters, and painters. God's law, *Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy,* was to be of no account, because the people of St. Louis were anxious to have their theatre opened on the evening of the Fourth of July! Each one of the several denominations has a church here. From all I could learn, however, I fear religion is at a very low ebb in St. Louis.

Rev. John A. Clark, D. D., *Gleanings by the Way.*

Note: This was Ludlow & Smith's Theatre, opened Monday, July 3, 1837, on the site of the Old Post Office at Third and Olive Streets.

[4] Missouri Historical Society Department of Archaeology Bulletin I, plate IX.

THE TWO FORTS AT SANDUSKY BAY.

During the time that Ohio was debatable ground and, for twenty years, the subject of contention between England and France, two forts were erected on the shores of Sandusky Bay, each of which has been known to history as Fort Sandusky.

The first of these forts, built by the French in the winter of 1750-51, destroyed before 1754, stood on the north shore of the Bay, south of the present Port Clinton; the second, erected by the British in the fall of 1761, and destroyed in 1763, stood on the south shore of the Bay, on or near the site of the present City of Sandusky.

On May 30, 1912, in commemoration of these two forts, and of two other mythical forts, there was dedicated a monument which had been set up on the north shore of the Bay, on the site of the French Fort, by the Business Men's Association of Port Clinton. The dedicatory services were arranged and carried out by the Colonial Dames, Daughters of the Revolution, Daughters of 1812, and the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society. The monument purported to mark the common approximate site of not only the French Fort, but also of English and the two mythical forts. On the four sides of the monument were attached bronze tablets, with inscriptions designed to set forth the matters which the monument had been built to commemorate.

One of the bronz tablets was paid for by the Colonial Dames, and the other three by the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society. The inscriptions on the tablets were prepared by a trustee of the Ohio Society, who also made an address at the dedication; and another address was made by the President of that Society. One of these tablets (that paid for

by the Colonial Dames), and the formal addresses of the two officers of the Ohio State Archaelogical and Historical Society, contained so many incorrect statements regarding the Sandusky forts and their sites and history, that the writer of this felt called upon, in the interest of historical truth, to draw attention to these erroneous satements, and, as a member of the Ohio Historical Society, to protest against that Society standing as sponsor for the perpetuation on a bronze tablet of so much manufactured and fictitious history.

This he did, in a letter which was printed in the April, 1912, number of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society's *Quarterly,* and which specified seven incorrect statements as having been set forth on that tablet of the Sandusky Fort monument as matters of historical fact. The substance of this communication was as follows:

The bronze tablet on the west face of the monument reads:

"Fort Sandoski. 1745-1748, 1750-1751, 1761-1763. The first fort built by White Men in Ohio, erected by British Traders from Penna. and Va., in 1745, under the protection of the Huron Chief, Nicolas; and destroyed by him after his defeat by the French in 1748, prior to his removal to the Illinois country.

"Rebuilt by British in 1750, and 'usurped by the French in 1751.' Again rebuilt by British soldiers in 1761, after the surrender of Quebec and French Sovereignty in America," etc.

The tablet on the south face of the monument recites that DeLery landed near the spot on which the monument stands, "and discovered the ruins of the Old Fort, Fort Sandoski, 1745-1748, 1750-1751."

The first and only Fort erected near this spot, or on the north shore of Sandusky Bay, was built by the French in the winter of 1750-1751, as stated in John Pattin's *Narrative* (*Wis. Hist. Collis.,* xviii., 145) and in DeLery's *Journal of* 1754 (*Wilderness Trail,* ii., 168). The British never built a fort on the north side

of Sandusky Bay. No fort on either side of the Bay was built by the British in 1750.

The first British Sandusky Fort was built on the south side of the Bay by a company of British soldiers and artisans under command of Lieut. Elias Meyer, who wrote to Colonel Bouquet September 1, 1761, that he had arrived at Lake Sandusky, and had "fixed on a spot for a Block-house, three miles from a village called by the Indians, Canontout, where all the traders unload (their pack-horses) and load (into boats) their goods for Detroit. It is almost in the middle of Little Lake Sandusky." (*Calendar of Bouquet MSS., Canadian Archives,* 1889, p. 190.) Lieutenant Meyer wrote Bouquet again from *Fort* Sandusky, November 29, 1761. "The Block-house, palisades, etc., are now finished."

The late William Darlington, in his *Christopher Gist's Journal,* states that this English Fort Sandusky stood at the mouth of Mill's Creek, and cites as his authority a letter in the Canadian Archives from Bouquet to Amherst, dated December 2, 1761. A "Fort Destroyed," near the "Little Portage" on the north side of the Bay, is marked on a small sketch map of the Bay, made by an officer in 1761, and now with the Bouquet MSS. in the library of the British Museum. This manuscript map also shows the location of the Indian villages *and the British block-house on the south side of the Bay* (Darlington's *Gist*).

The correct location of this fort is also shown on Thomas Hutchin's map of 1764, published with his account of the Bouquet Expedition. Lieutenant Hutchins visited this Fort in 1762 and knew whereof he wrote.

In all probability there never was a fort built by English traders, either on the north side or south side of Sandusky Bay. The assumption that there was such a fort is based on the erroneous account of the conspiracy of Chief Nicolas, published by Mr. Goodman in his *Journal of Captain William Trent.* The

principal incident in the rebellion of Nicolas was the murder of five French traders in the spring of 1747, during their return from the "White River" to Detroit. Mr. Goodman, following the editor of the *New York Colonial Documents,* erroneously identified this White River with the White River of southern Indiana; while it was really the Cuyahoga, and close to Mr. Goodman's own home. Nicolas and his band did not retire to the Illinois country, as Mr. Goodman thought, and as stated on the inscription quoted above; but they fled to the Muskingum, and with the co-operation of George Croghan, built a town which was called Conchake, near the north bank of the Tuscarawas, just above its mouth. A town built some years later by the Delaware Indians, a mile or two lower down, on the Muskingum, was given a Delawere form of the name of Wyandot, or Huron, town which it succeeded, and has ever since been known as Coshocton.

These facts are mostly set forth in DeLery's *Journal* of 1755.

Nicolas's band of Hurons (now called Wyandots) seems to have settled on the south side of Sandusky Bay in the summer of 1740. "The 16th of September, 1740, Monsieur de Noyan writes that the third chief of the Hurons, named Angouirot, had just arrived from Sandoski, where he had left nearly all his brothers, cutting down trees to extend their fields." (French manuscript from the Canadian Archives, printed in *Wis. Hist. Colls.,* xvii., 286).

DeLery's *Journal* and maps show that the fort of Nicolas was built on the south side of Sandusky Bay, and the *Journal* explicitely states that it was built by the Hurons themselves (*Wilderness Trail,* ii., 16.)

The Pennsylvania traders did repair a fort for the Miami Indians at Pickawillany in Ohio when Gist was there in 1751, and they are said to have built it before 1750. If so, this fort may have been the "first fort built by white men in Ohio." It is certain none of the Sandusky forts were; (for George Crogan had

trading posts at both Conhake and Lower Shawnee Town when Gist visited those places in 1750-1751, at the time the first Franch Fort was being built.)

Immediately following the publication of the letter setting forth the citations given in the preceding paragraphs, the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, at its annual meeting in May, instructed its Secretary to "*have prepared a formal correction of Mr. Hanna's communication on the Sandusky Fort!* Accordingly, in the July, 1913, number of the Society's *Quarterly,* both the Secretary and President printed articles written for the purpose of defending the position of the officers and trustees in the matter of the incorrect inscriptions; but not controverting in any degree the facts set forth in my communication.

The Secretary's defense was a simple and appropriate statement of the fact that the inscriptions criticised had been based on Mitchell's map of 1755, and on the writings of Messrs. Alfred Goodman, C. C. Baldwin and Charles Whittlsey, the first two of whom had written that English traders had, in 1745, built a small fort, or block-house or post, on the north side of Sandusky Bay; and Mr. Whittlsey wrote that the natural point for a fort is on the north side of the Bay, Bradstreet's camp was there. "It is also probable that Ensign Paully's block-house or stockade was at the same place. Likewise, DeLongueuil wrote March 20, 1748: "The conduct of Nicolas is suspicious. The English in Philadelphia came there twice during the winter, and were well received."

The defense of the President of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society to the writer's criticism of the inaccuracies in the main inscription on the Fort Sandusky monument consisted largely in an attack on the competency of the critic who cited the facts, rather than in an attempt to meet the facts themselves. Among other things he said:

"First—Mr. Hanna's loose habit of observation (?) may be inferred from his first statement that the

bronze tablet on the west face was 'erected under the direction of the Ohio State Historical Society', quoting the inscription in full, all but the concluding sentence, which Mr. Hanna fails to quote, but which reads, 'erected by the Ohio Socity Colonial Dames of America'.

"The inscription is correct in every detail!

"Second—(After citing the entry in DeLery's *Journal* which relates his discovery of the ruins of 'the Fort the French had *built* in 1751'.) "There is here no denial of the previous occupation of the Fort by the English.

"The tablet further reads, 'Rebuilt by the British in 1750, and usurped by the Franch in 1751.' The authority for this is found in Mitchell's map published in 1755, which locates the Fort at the point where the tablet is erected, and adds, 'Usurped by the French in 1751.' Who, but the British, does Mr. Hanna suppose, was in possession of this place in 1751, when the French 'usurped' it?

"Third—The next mistake of Mr. Hanna is his statement that 'The first British Sandusky Fort was built on the south side of the Bay by a company of British soldiers and artisans under command of Lieutenant Elias Meyer, in 1761.' This shows both Mr. Hanna's ignorance of the locality of which he is writing, and his lack of close attention to the authorities which he quotes. If he had noted carefully the statement in DeLery's *Journal,* he would have learned that during the high water, (in March) the portage across the neck of the Marblehead Peninsula was under water much of the time, thus making an island 'almost in the middle of the Little Lake Sandusky.' * * * This was the place, 'almost in the middle of the Little Lake Sandusky' (in September), where Lieutenant Elias Meyer writes, 'The block-houses and palisades were finished Nov. 29, 1761,' and where the men under Ensign Pauli were massacred by Pontiac's minions

May 18, 1763, in the British Fort Sandoski on the north side of Lac Sanduski, which now is marked by enduring bronze tablets!

"Fourth—Mr. Hanna's statement that the White River from which the five French traders were returning when they were massacred by Nicolas in the spring of 1747, was the Cuyahoga River, is a mere assertion, without any foundation in fact. Neither Colonel Whittlesey, Mr. A. T. Goodman, nor Judge Baldwin, long officers of the Western Reserve Historical Society at Cleveland, on the Cuyahoga River, and all extremely anxious to prove the importance of their own locality, *ever thought of claiming the Cuyahoga River for the White River!*

"From the foregoing it appears that Mr. Hanna's criticism betrays such carelessness in the use of data which were plainly before his eyes, that no confidence can be placed in his general statements when unsupported by definite references, and that, when definite references are made, it is not likely that he has considered them carefully enough to give them proper interpretation.

"The experiences of Secretary Randall in his History of Ohio, in dealing with the sophistries of Mr. Hanna in trying to prove that LaSalle did not discover the Ohio, brings out Mr. Hanna's defects of historical Judgment. Reviewing Hanna's argument in the case of LaSalle, Randall says, "they are mainly negative, and leave LaSalle's claims still unrefuted, with the preponderance of evidence decidedly in his favor, and the judgment of Parkman still unreversed that LaSalle discovered the Ohio." A critic who can in a nonchalant manner dismiss the conclusions of Parkman, discredit the conversations published by Margry, doubt the correctness of LaSalle's 'Memorial Frontenac,' think that Joliet's map was a species of forgery, and that the opinion of Whittlesey, Goodman and Baldwin, of the Western Reserve Historical Society, are of no value in the history of the regions to which they each

give their close attention, is not one whose opinions are to be taken without investigation!"

After Mr. Wright's article appeared, the undersigned wrote again to the Secretary of the Ohio Society (who is also editor of its *Quarterly*), setting forth some additional citations from contemporary participants and travelers, further to prove the error of the positon taken by the President and trustees of the Society in the matter of the inscription on the Sandusky Fort monument.

But this second communication, the editor of the Quarterly (an esteemed friend of the writer) omitted to acknowledge, and after waiting for six months for its publication, an inquiry brought the reply that it "could not be printed in the *Quarterly,* because it would have to be answered! *And it could not be answered.*

The communication which the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society decline to print was as follows:

On reading the July number of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical *Quarterly* the writer was pleased to learn that his criticism of the Sandusky Fort tablets, made in the April number of the *Quarterly* had caused the Society to begin action at its annual meeting towards getting the matter corrected. It was somewhat surprising, however, to note that the first action taken was not towards the correction of the false tablets, but only towards the correction of the author of the criticism.

In undertaking to do this, Mr. Wright, as President of the Society, commits himself unqualifiedly as sponsor for the west tablet by saying "The inscription is correct in every detail."

The errors in the inscription as pointed out by the writer are italicized as follows:

(1) The *first* fort built by white men in Ohio.

(2) Erected *by British traders from Penna. and Va.*

(3) In *1745*, under the protection of the Huron Chief Nicolas, and destroyed by him after his defeat by the French in 1748 prior to

(4) *His removal to the Illinois country.*

(5) *Rebuilt by British in 1750* and "usurped by the French in 1751."

(6) *Again rebuilt by British soldiers in 1761* after the surrender of Quebec.

(7) *And French sovereignty in America.*

And finally destroyed at the outbreak of Pontiac's Conspiracy 18th May, 1763, etc.

The first three of these statements are made on the authority of Mr. Goodman, who also thought the village of Nicolas was on the *north* shore of Sandusky Bay. After a very laborous search, extending over some years, I have not been able to find anything to substantiate them in contemporary records, either printed or manuscript. If Mr. Wright can substantiate them from any original source, I shall be very much gratified.

DeLery's *Journal* and maps (of which a complete abstract covering his trip from Detroit to Fort Duquesne is printed in the writer's volume on *The Wilderness Trail*) show that the fort and village of Chief Nicolas were built on the *south* side of Sandusky Lake. Hence, without regard to the future possible substantiation of Mr. Goodman's statements, they cannot apply to a site on the north shore of the Bay.

The fourth incorrect statement of the Sandusky Fort tablet refers to the removal of Nicolas to the Illinois country.

This question has been treated at much length in the chapters on the Ohio Mingoes of the White River and the Conchake Route in my book, *The Wilderness Trail;* and the identity of the White River with the Cuyahoga fully established by means of some heretofore unpublished manuscripts from the Canadian Archives, as

well as by citations from the journals of DeLery and Montresor.

The fifth incorrect statement of the Sandusky Fort tablet is that the fort was "rebuilt by the British in 1750."

Can Mr. Wright furnish any authority for such a statement? I challenge him to do so. He says that because it is stated on Mitchell's map of 1755 that the Sandusky Fort was "usurped by the French in 1751," the fort must have been originally built by the English.

The section of Mitchell's map which is printed with Mr. Wright's article also states that the Fort of the Miamis (now Fort Wayne) was "usurped by the French in 1750," and that the forts at and below Presqu's Isle were "usurped by the French."

Would Mr. Wright contend that these also had been built by the English?

Finally, Mr. Wright asserts that the British blockhouse built by Lieut. Meyer in the *dry season* of 1761 was *built on an island;* which island turned out to be, after the high waters had receded, part of the north shore of Sandusky Bay!

The best original authority on the location of the Sandusky Fort of 1761 is the 1764 map of Thomas Hutchins, as stated in my former communication. Hutchins visited the fort in 1762, and he locates it on the *south* side of the Bay. His description of the route from Fort Pitt to Sandusky taken from the original manuscript in the Pennsylvania Historical Society, is printed for the first time in *The Wilderness Trail.* Hutchins states that Sandusky was three and a half miles beyond the Indian town of Junudat on the Pennsylvania Path.

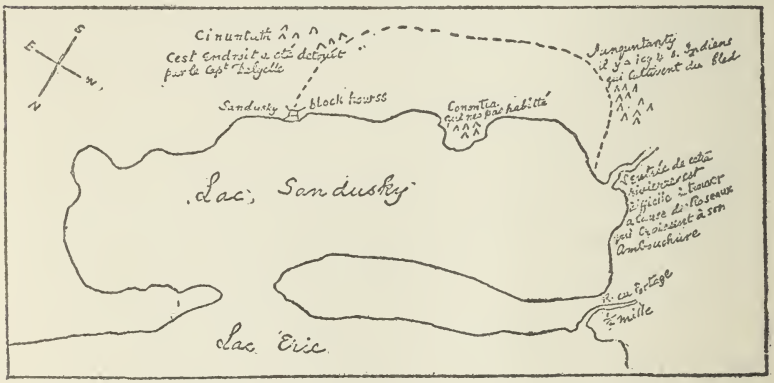
Captain John Montresor, one of the engineers with Bradstreet's army, when it visited Sandusky Bay in 1764, also locates it on the *south* side (see his *Journals,* in *New York Hist. Soc. Colls.* xiv., pp. 297, 306).

Sir William Johnson, who visited the site of the

Fort a few days before the building was begun by Lieutenant Meyer, also locates it on the *south* side of the Bay.

He writes under date of September 22, 1761 (Stone's *Life of Johnson* ii, 466), "I sent Mr. Croghan to the Indian town (across the bay from the portage) and went down the lake in a little birch canoe to the place where the block-house is to be built by Dr. Myer. This place is about three leagues from the mouth of Lake Sandusky where it disembogues itself into Lake Erie. They have a view of all boats which may pass or come in, from said post. It is about three miles from another village of Hurons, and fifteen by water (around Bay Ridge Point) from the opposite to the carrying-place, and nine by land. *The Pennsylvania road comes by this post.* * * * * Wednesday, 23d * * * Last evening Mr. Croghan and Dr. Myer came to our camp."

The writer has recently found in the British Museum a French map of 1761-63, sketched probably at



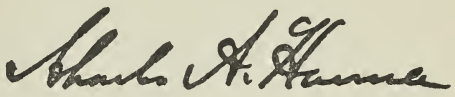
Rough copy of a sketch map of Lake Sandusky, made at Detroit, 1761-63, showing Fort Sandusky, on the south side of Sandusky Bay. Copied by Constance H. White from the Haldimand MSS. in the British Museum; MSS. 21, 686, f. 72.

Detroit, of which a reproduction is given below. This map proves conclusively the location of the British block-house at Sandusky.

Montresor located the sight about one and three-quarter miles west of "Thistle Creek." Darlington

thought it stood at the mouth of Mills' Creek. It was certainly near there.

If Mr. Wright will look up the history of this subject he will find that the west tablet on the Sandusky Fort monument, instead of being "correct in every detail," is incorrect in every substantial detail.



New York, May 20, 1914.

HAS THE SITE OF FORT ORLEANS BEEN DISCOVERED?

On the south side of the Missouri river about one mile north of Malta Bend, in Saline County, Missouri, was recently found the remains of what appears to be an early French Fort.

The remains are situated on what was once the bank of the river which has now changed until it is over a mile away. When the fort was erected, it was on the highest point in the vicinity and immediately overlooking the river.

It seems that this land until recent years was covered with heavy walnut timber which was lately cut away, and the land was plowed for farm purposes. Then it was that the presence of an old fort was discovered.

From what can be seen now there was a ditch probably in a circular form about five hundred feet long with an embankment and several pits or embankments outside of the ditch ten to twenty feet across and which are now three or four feet deep, probably rifle pits.

The ground is filled with bones to considerable depth and over quite a territory. The bones seem to be buffalo, deer, turkey and other game with which the

adjacent plains abounded and show long occupancy by former tenants. Only part of one or two human skeletons were exposed in plowing. The greatest mystery, however, regarding the find is the large number of broken gun barrels that have been found there.

It is safe to say that no less than one hundred gun barrels have been carried away, and in nearly every instance the guns show conclusively that they have been broken by violence. Many of the barrels are broken in three or four pieces and that they were broken while yet in a fair condition is shown by the fact that the breach pin is broken off at the first screw hole, thus showing that they were broke out of the stock. They are an early model of flint lock guns, smooth bore, about forty-four calibre, and somewhat resembled the early English fowling piece.

There is a similarity in the make of the barrels which would lead one to think they might have belonged to a body of soldiers who were all armed with weapons as much alike as hand made arms of early days would probably have been. Only one has been found on which the inscription could be read, and that has the French name "Thielliere Freres" engraved on the lock, without any date.

Numerous iron tomahawks, iron hoes of an early make, and parts of knives were found; also whetstones for sharpening tools, but no pottery of any kind. Not one piece of brass guard from the guns or other bright metal has been found, showing the grounds were carefully looted by the Indians after the whites were gone, since the Indians would take away all brass for their personal adornment.

There are some flat stones embedded in the ground which could have been used in connection with buildings as stepping stones at the doors, and that there was a gun shop is shown by a few pieces of guns with the breech pin removed, and a lock with some of the screws taken out. The single gun lock found shows evidence of having been in a hot fire, which would in-

dicate it was in a building that was burned. The pieces of guns were scattered about over five acres of ground and were not buried or hid away, and the whole looks to the writer to have been the scene of a massacre, but why the victorious party, whether white or Indian, would abandon or destroy the guns is hard to understand, since in those days they were man's most valuable possession.

I can find nothing in the early history of Missouri which will throw any light on this little fort, and since war in its most awful form has been enacted here and heroes of whom history has not heard have made this their last stand, I ask that those that can furnish any light on this find be invited to do so that the truth may be known.

Ed. L. Hill

Editorial Note: Fort Orleans was built in 1723 by a party of French soldiers under the command of Captain Etienne Venyard de Bourgmont. The purpose of the fort was to bar the Spanish from the upper Mississippi Valley, and the immediate occasion for it was the expedition of Villazur from New Mexico in 1719. That the fort was built in the neighborhood of Mr. Hill's discovery is well settled, though Captain Stoddard, following Le Page du Pratz, says that it was upon an island in the Missouri some distance above the Osage river. Du Pratz's map (1758) shows a great island extending from near the mouth of the Kaw about to the Lamine with the fort at the lower end. D'Anville's map (1755), Otten's (German, 1755), Lopez's (Spanish, 1762) and Pelairet and Delarochette's (1765), all place the fort on the north side of the river, in what is now Carroll County. The only map known to the editor, which places it on the south side is that given in de Villiers du Terrage, *Les Dernières Années*

de la Louisiane Française, p. 72. This map is without date.

The Society is indebted to Mr. Hill for many specimens of the articles found at the place mentioned in his communication, all of which are on exhibition at the Jefferson Memorial.

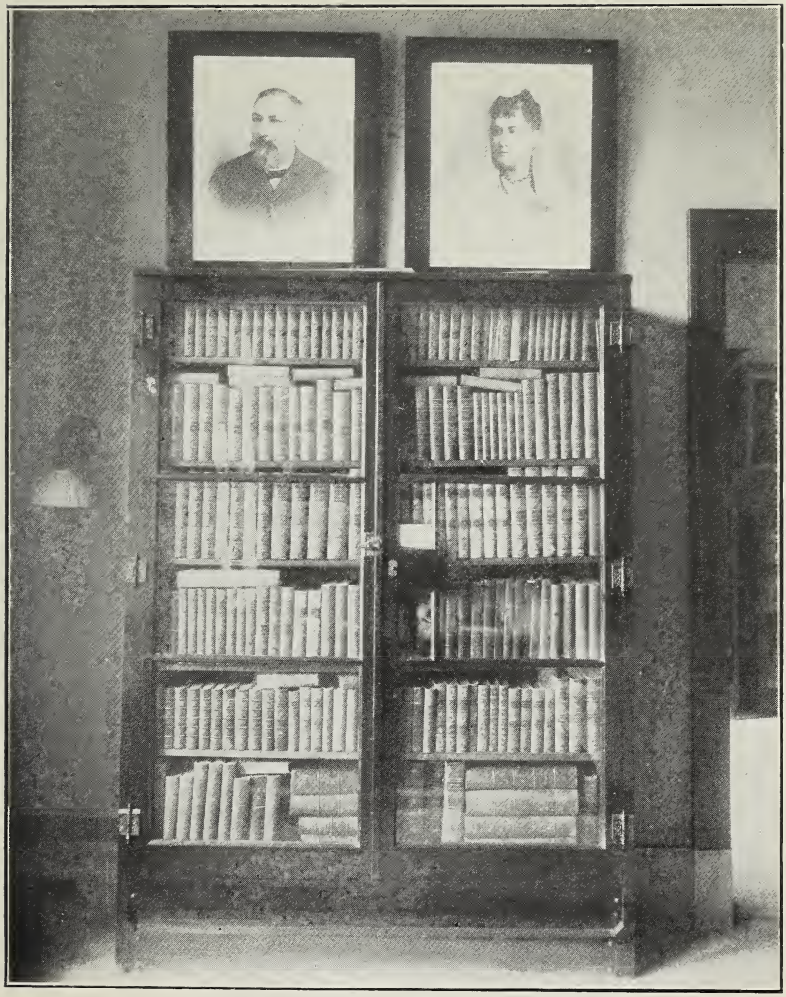
NOTES.

Erratum: The portrait of Noah Miller Ludlow in the last issue of the Collections, page 214, was, by a vagary of the typesetter, designated as N. C. Ludlow. Mr. Ludlow was born in New York City, 4th July, 1795, and died in St. Louis, 9th January, 1886. He was an actor, theatrical manager and writer, and brought to St. Louis, in 1819, the first dramatic company which came to the City. He was for many years an active member of this Society, and a number of valuable books in its library were presented by him.

Gifts: The friends of the Society have been so liberal in their gifts since the last issue of the Collections, that space permits the acknowledgment here of a few only. A complete list will be published later.

Dr. Cyrus A. Peterson gave a large number of scarce and valuable books which the Society was allowed to choose for itself from his comprehensive historical library. Mrs. William Lucas presented a large portion of the library of her late husband, and also a portrait of Mr. Lucas and one of herself. The portraits and a part of the books are shown in the picture given on the opposite page. Mr. Lucas was in his life time a generous benefactor to the Society, and both he and Mrs. Lucas will be always held in grateful remembrance.

Mrs. Seth W. Cobb presented the valuable Indian collection of her late husband, consisting of various



BOOKS AND PICTURES.

Gift of Mrs. William Lucas, Milwaukee, 1913.

articles of clothing, moccasins, a cradle, dolls, weapons and other articles, some of which are elaborately decorated with porcupine quills and bead work, mostly of Souian manufacture. Also a large number of Reinhart's portraits of well known Indians.

Captain Joseph Boyce added to his previous liberal donations about thirty volumes, including several scarce ones of the Southern Bivouac.

Mr. William M. Faribault gave a splendid specimen of birch bark canoe, the handiwork of the Chippewas of Leech Lake, Minnesota.

Col. D. C. Allen, of Liberty, Missouri, gave an autograph letter of General Alexander W. Doniphan.

Dr. Clayton Keith, of Louisiana, Missouri, presented a copy of his genealogy of the Watson family.

From a constant benefactor the Society has received a beautifully bound volume of autograph letters of the Presidents of the United States, each letter being accompanied by an engraved portrait of the writer.

To Mr. William Clark Breckenridge the Society is under renewed obligations for the gift of a large number of pamphlets of local interest and importance and a large collection of St. Louis music.

Mrs. Amélie Primm Noel sent, from her home in California, a number of pieces of creole music with which she had been familiar in her youth in St. Louis, and which she had written down from recollection.

Mrs. Lizzie Chambers Hull presented a portrait painted by de Franca, of her late father, Col. Adam Black Chambers (1808-1854), well known in St. Louis history.

An excellent portrait of the late Gen. John B. Henderson, at one time a member for Missouri of the United States Senate, was presented by his son, Mr. John B. Henderson, of Washington.

Misses Laura and Louise Brazeau have given a number of interesting manuscripts pertaining to the history of the well known Brazeau family during Spanish days in Missouri.

Mr. Henry L. Rozier of Ste. Genevieve has added to the already long list of his benefactions by the donation of a number of articles of historic interest, among them a pair of duelling pistols which were used in one of Ste. Genevieve's famous affairs of honor.

Loans: Among the numerous loans made to the Society may be mentioned a portrait of Dr. William Carr Lane, loaned by Mr. Carr Lane Glasgow; a portrait of Major Richard Graham, loaned by Mrs. Frank D. Hirschberg; a portrait of General William Selby Harney, loaned by Mrs. John M. Harney; a portrait of Joseph Charless, Jr., loaned by the Mechanics American Bank, and a portrait of Keokuk painted from life, loaned by Mrs. I. G. Baker.

Mr. Harry A. Clover has loaned a remarkable collection of pipes, three hundred and twenty-two in number, gathered from all parts of the world. Among them are many of Indian make, ancient and modern, some elaborately carved with figures and others inlaid with metals. There are also many from China, Japan, the Philippines, India, Persia and Turkey. The collection is one well worthy of study.

From Mr. H. G. Voorhies, U. S. A., has been received as a loan, a large number of pictures of steamboats which formerly plied the waters of our great rivers.

Two Missouri Books. *Pilot Knob; the Thermopylae of the West.* By Cyrus A. Peterson and Joseph Mills Hanson. New York, The Neale Publishing Co., 1914. The authors of this valuable and interesting contribution to Missouri History are both members of this Society, Dr. Peterson being an honored ex-president.

The book opens with an account of the inception of the Confederate raid into Missouri in 1864, under the leadership of General Sterling Price; this is followed by the story of the fighting around Pilot Knob, the attack on Fort Davidson, the evacuation of the fort

and the blowing up of its magazine and the retreat of the army under General Thomas Ewing.

The book is divided into three parts; the first is a general account of the situation in Missouri at the beginning of the war and at the time of the raid, and of the progress of the army through the State. This is followed by a detailed account of the important events connected with the Pilot Knob battle and the retreat of the Union army made up of the stories of participants and observers on the northern side skillfully interwoven with explanations and comments by the authors. The third part is a summary of the results of the six days campaign beginning with the appearance of the Confederate army in the Arcadia valley and ending with the escape of Ewing's forces from the Confederate pursuers.

The story is frankly written from the northern standpoint, but the authors are fair-minded, and have done a remarkably good piece of work. The mechanical execution of the book is excellent. The only slips in the proof-reading noticed are that Senator Peyton is called E. L. Y., whereas his name was Robert Ludwell Yates Peyton; Willard P. Hall appears as Willard F. Hall, and Callaway County is called Calloway.

To Missourians the sub-title may at first be perplexing. To them, the word Thermopylae is indissolubly interwoven with the Alamo, and suggests always the saying: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none." When we read of Ewing's army making rapid tracks through the mountains to get away from Price, the likeness to Leonidas and his Spartans is not apparent. But the authors justify their title in the sentence:—"Who can say how great is the debt of gratitude which the Nation owes to that handful of men who broke the backbone of the great raid before it was fairly begun, the valiant, unsung heroes of Pilot Knob?"

Slavery in Missouri, 1804-1865. By Harrison A. Trexler. Baltimore. The Johns Hopkins Press, 1914.

Professor Trexler's book covers a hitherto untouched field in Missouri history. It contains seven chapters entitled as follows: Missouri Slavery as an economic system; The Slave before the Law; The Social Status of the Slave; The Slavery issue in Politics and in the Churches; Senator Benton and Slavery; Missouri and Kansas; Manumission, Colonization and Emancipation. Within the compass of these seven chapters Professor Trexler has covered all phases of his subject in a very thorough and pleasing manner, and in addition has thrown much light upon the history of the politics of the State.

The first impression that the reader gets upon an examination of the book is of wonder at the immense amount of work done by the author in collecting his materials; and the second is one of pleasure at the very effective way in which the materials have been utilized. The author has studied the newspapers of the time, the assessors' books, the Court records, legislative proceedings, statutes, censuses, manumission records, proceedings of societies and church meetings, church registers, private correspondence, and in addition has drawn upon the recollection of living persons, white and black, who were familiar with various phases of the subject.

All of these have been fused into a compact text which is of good literary form and full of interest. The book is thoroughly scientific in spirit and wholly wanting in partisan bias. No one interested in the history of the State can afford to neglect it. A comprehensive bibliography is given, and there is a good index.

It is submitted that a fair conclusion of the matter is that in slavery in Missouri the negro had much the best of it.

Kit Carson Days. By Edwin L. Sabin, Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1914. This is also, in a sense, a Missouri book. A large number of the people who figure

in its pages were Missourians, and Missouri was the base of action and supplies for Carson and his associates for the greater portion of the time covered. Had Carson been a soldier of the ordinary type, Mr. Sabin would probably have entitled his book "The Life and Times of General Christopher Carson," but since Carson was what he was, the title chosen is a very apt one. The Book is really a history of the white occupation of the Western Country in which Carson was a typical leader. Its six hundred and sixty-nine pages are full of incident and adventure and the memory of many worthy men is rescued from oblivion by the biographical sketches here given. But the center of the stage is reserved for Carson the modest and indomitable little Kentucky-Missourian, for whom the reader of the book is bound to have a warm affection and a hearty admiration. Kit Carson Days will have a permanent place among the few indispensable books on Western history.

New Members: The following named persons have been elected to membership in the Society during the current year. Acknowledgments are due to Mr. G. A. Pfeiffer, Mr. W. K. Bixby, Dr. Henry M. Whelpley and Mr. Robert H. Stockton for their interest in bringing the claims of the Society before the public.

James G. Butler,
James W. Bell,
Samuel H. Fullerton,
Daniel N. Kirby,
William E. Guy,
Hanford Crawford,
Con P. Curran,
Daniel E. Garrison,
Walter B. Woodward,
Ben Blewett,
Harry M. Pflager,
Charles H. Bailey,
Elias G. Gatch,
Frank O. Watts,
Dr. Harvey G. Mudd,
James M. Buick,
August A. Busch,
Col. M. Schoenberg,
Edward B. Pryor,
Sam Lazarus,
Robert Buchanan,
Thomas L. Little,

Thomas D. Porcher,*
Theodore W. Chamberlin,
William V. Byars,
Thomas M. Pierce,
William L. Waters,
Rev. M. A. Shine,
Plattsmouth, Neb.
John Hill,
J. C. Van Riper,
William A. Shoemaker,
Lawrence A. Browning,
William D. Orthwein,
Alanson C. Brown,
David May,
Charles Dunn,
Martin L. Clardy,*
Percy Werner,
Festus J. Wade,
Charles W. Whitelaw,
John A. Holmes,
Julius C. Birge,
Thomas Wright,
Melville L. Wilkinson,
William J. Lemp (Life),
Mrs. Charles Barney Hollister,
Dr. Otto Sutter,
J. Victor Bell,
Edward Faust,
Frank V. Hammar,
Frank E. Henry,
Miss Annie P. Logue,
Dr. Walter C. G. Kirchner,
John S. Faulkner,
Dr. Moses W. Hogue,
Dr. Given Campbell,
George B. Higgins,
Miss Celeste Speck,
Anthony S. Robinson,
Clarence E. Miller,
Benjamin H. Pluempe,
George H. Schwinke,
Henry L. Stadler,
John Fowler,
Dr. Herman Tuholske,
Alexander A. Handlan,
Edward T. Campbell,
Charles McL. Clark,
Henry P. Hilliard,
Edward F. Goltra,
William R. Compton,
Alexander Douglas,
Theophilus Conzelman,
Alfred Clifford,
Rev. Dr. Martin S. Brennan,
Edward C. Rowse,
Frederick A. Hall,
Leonard Matthews,
Robert E. Nolker,
Alexander T. Primm,
James D. Street,
Charles A. Stockstrom,
F. August Sudholt,
John C. Roberts,
Mrs. Leo Moser,
Samuel E. Hoffman,
William Einstein,
Claude Kilpatrick,
Mrs. Anna F. Brookmire,
Edwin W. Grove.

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* Deceased.